TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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THE FRONT PAGE

GOODLY number of the citizens of London, St. Thomas and Yarmouth ask for Sunday street cars, so far have received very little encouragement from James Whitney. The citizens' committee from London favoring Sunday cars presented a petition signed by a thousand people; a fairly lengthy document emanating from a city of fifty thousand. Just what the Prime Minister has in the back of his mind when he refuses encouragement to such movements is hard to conceive. The old Puritanical Sabbath has about run its course on this continent of ours, the Lord's Alliance to the contrary notwithstanding. We are as a people workers. Most of us spend six days out of every seven in our offices, workshops or factories, and when the first day of the week comes, nature demands more than a cessation of labor. It demands recreation, a change of scene. The woods call and so do the meadows and the brooks. If Canadians are a hardy, well set up race, it is because they have lived largely out of doors. Anything which will cultivate the spirit of journeying into the open should be encouraged by the Premier and by the people at large. Too many hold the mistaken notion that, because a few wild boys would with Sunday street cars run riot, or a few drunkards would find their way into the side door of some country hotel, we should all be shut up like so many serfs. Those boys would not, in all probability, spend their time on their knees on Sunday, and the boozers would get drunk anyhow.

But there is another point, too often lost sight of. Legislation which prevents the operation of Sunday street cars is very largely class legislation. The man of means owns or hires a horse when he wishes to journey forth on the first day of the week, and the well-to-do man has his auto. So it is left for the poor devil who has neither horse nor auto to sit on the "stoop" or in the stuffy boarding house and suck his thumb for want of a better amusement. Who has not watched a city street car on a Sunday afternoon in hot mid-summer? Who has not seen the worn-out mothers and their babes taking, perhaps, the only outing of the week, breathing into their lungs the life-giving air of the suburbs and the country?

The wise men of our land are doing everything in their power to stamp out tuberculosis. Private individuals are coming forward with magnificent donations of lands, buildings and funds. The Provincial Governments all over Canada have taken in hand the question of obliterating this white plague. Sunshine, pure air and cleanly living are the three essentials to this end. Tuberculosis experts will tell you that before this disease can be stamped out, people must be taught that sunshine and fresh air are essential to life and health. It is all very well to say, "Sit in the backyard or walk a mile or so to a neighboring meadow or wood." Man is naturally a lazy animal, and must be cajoled into doing the things which he should do. He must be made to do them, almost in spite of himself; and he will do these things only when they are made attractive.

It is not men's souls that require looking after so strenuously, but their bodies. Give a man a strong healthy frame and he is most likely to have a healthy mind and lead a healthy life. Man as nature made him is a pretty good specimen. The trouble is the politician and the Lord's Day Alliance refuse to allow him to follow his natural bent. We look with pride upon the specimens of manhood who generation after generation migrate to our cities from the back country. They are the men of to-morrow. No tuberculosis about these men. No, but wait a generation or two. By the time our good "preventive" law makers get through, the children and grandchildren will be subjects for a sanitarium. And why? Mainly lack of outdoor life.

Life out of doors must be made attractive if our mental and physical standards are to be maintained. Undermine the physical and down comes the mental like a pack of cards. Healthy minds without healthy bodies are not seen every day. Let the people play on Sunday if they desire to, and if they don't desire, make it so attractive for them that they will. Remember that the average man has but one day in seven in which he may get away from his toils and incidentally from himself. Let him forget, with a fish pole in his hand, that his lot the other six days is a hard one. He will be a better citizen and not a worse one for his outings. In the province of Ontario we appear to have arrived about half way. We have freedom of speech, freedom of thought, but no freedom of action. The busybody lawmakers have been working overtime; that's the trouble. They would have done better for themselves and better for mankind had they gone fishing on Sundays in place of handing out their Sabbath observance regulations.

The stern advocates of Sunday observance are prone to forget the other fellow. If they do not wish to go anywhere on that day, why, bless their hearts, they don't have to. But give the other fellow a chance. Hark back to the days when Toronto was without its Sunday cars. Would anything like a majority of citizens favor turning back to the old *regime?* I hardly think so. Keep your Sundays as quiet as possible. Keep your stores and factories closed; also your saloons. Let nothing interfere with those who wish to sit around their firesides or worship in their churches. But give the people some freedom of conscience. Give them an opportunity of getting out of doors; out into the air where nature meant them to breathe; away from smoky business centres; away from the scene of their everyday toils. Let them visit a neighbor at a distance or go fishing. Let the people go out into the open, and give them Sunday cars on which to make the journeys.

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HON. FRANK COCHRANE, in responding to a toast at the recent meeting of the Canadian Mining Institute, held at Montreal, said that what Canada needed most in her mining industries in Cobalt and Gowganda were men and money. Why not make it a trilogy, Mr. Cochrane, and add Morals with a big M. There has been enough good Canadian-owned gold wasted in bum mining ventures in Cobalt to have developed a goodly section of the still undeveloped territory. They put people in jail for fraudulent failures and for obtaining money under false pretenses. That is, unless the money is obtained by capitalizing a hole in the ground, the owner of which is, in the words of Mark Twain, a liar. If the Cobalt mining business had been run on the square from the first there would be no difficulty obtaining sufficient capital for development. Our banks are overrunning with funds, but the owners are afraid to venture into Cobalt deals and rightly, for most of them have been through the fire, and like the singed cat they dread a repetition. Stocks in dozens of prospects that never had an excuse for an existence are being peddled about. No wonder then that capital is timid when it comes to investing in Canadian mining ventures. And all this seems a great pity, for without a question of a doubt this country has before it a great future in the development of her mineralogical resources, if she succeeds in having not only men and money, but morals.

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THE experiment of altering the street car routes in the centre of Toronto was a flat failure, mainly owing to the fact that citizens generally were adverse to the change from the first, and respectfully but firmly declined to run around the corner looking for the car which they formerly had been accustomed to see in plain view. Radical changes in the daily paths of life seldom meet with pronounced public approval. Another thing which contributed toward failure was the fact that civic officials "butted" into matters which they did not, from a practical point of view, understand. Then again there is a very strong suspicion that Manager Fleming and his men did not strain any tendons in their endeavor to bring out of the new routes all there was in them.

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THE inauguration of William H. Taft as President of the United States took place in a snow storm. This can hardly be set down as an omen, ill or good, for it always does something of this sort on the fourth of March. Washington, D.C., is a beautiful city and one in which it is a pleasure to reside most of the year. But never, gentle stranger, brave the elements in the United States capital in March. It seems a pity that with eleven other months to choose from this time honored ceremony could not be shifted thirty days, one way or the other. Many a prominent public man has gone to his grave through exposure to wet and cold experienced in these March 4 inauguration ceremonies. The question has been before Congress on one or two occasions, and now after this experience they may conclude to make the necessary change.

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THE writer of this page notices, along presumably with many others, the ever-prevailing tendency to blackjack the detective, and particularly the detective employed by a private agency. Just why the man employed by the Pinkerton or Thiel offices should come in for more abuse than do those employed by a municipality is hard to say, but it is nevertheless true. The reason probably lies in the fact that the private detective, acting under the guidance of men who have made crime a life study, is more successful than is the average city sleuth. I carry no brief for detectives, private or public, and put them down in the class of necessary nuisances, necessary until such time as we reach that Utopia of honest living. However, let us be fair. The other day counsel in the case of the Grand Trunk vs. the conspirators who beat that corporation out of goodness knows how many thousands of dollars by means of fraudulent tickets, took occasion to slur the detectives who brought these men to book, and I was glad to see that Judge Winchester in summing up the case gave this legal gentleman the necessary call down. Not long ago a local judge pitched into detectives right and left, forgetting evidently that with this peculiar class of labor good and bad are intermixed as in most other walks of life.

The successful detective business of to-day has developed into what might be called a negative calling. That is to say, the merchant, the manufacturer, the banker, the railway and all large corporations employ detectives not to find thieves, but to prevent thieving. The detective agency is paid to warn the bank manager that the trusted clerk is spending ten times his pay each month. What is the result? The case is investigated. The employee is brought to book, not publicly, but in private, and nine times out of ten is set straight again on life's highway, and the world never hears a whisper of the affair. These are the things that detective offices do and never get credit for, but when a case comes up such as that of the Grand Trunk Railway before mentioned, and it becomes necessary to have men enter the inner portals of crime in order that the real criminals may be captured, then one can always find plenty of people to cast widespread discredit upon all detectives and their methods. The manager of a detective bureau who knows his business does not seek notoriety, but avoids it. He would a thousand times rather settle a case out of court than in it; would rather avoid trouble than participate in it. This every journalist of any long experience in criminal work knows. Somehow or other the general public have been led to believe that all detectives will mix themselves up in shady divorce suits for the necessary consideration. Nothing is farther from the truth, for no detective bureau of standing will have any dealings with divorce cases. Men who call themselves "private detectives," but who have no status in the world of "crime prevention," are those who take up such work. It works out a good deal as it does with the writer and printer of slander. All other newspapers must stand the onus of his degrading tactics simply because he calls himself a "journalist."

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THIS is a year of big celebrations, and during the week just passed the Queen City modestly celebrated one of her own. Seventy-five years ago, for the reason that it was obnoxiously anti-Tory, the little community of "Muddy York" had a charter thrust upon it, and Tory Toronto came into existence. It was in 1783 that Governor Simcoe came this way and founded a little bush settlement. In 1834, however, the settlement had grown to be a town of over 9,000 inhabitants, the great majority of whom, in their downright pioneer fashion, opposed the policies and strongly resented the attitude of the Family Compact. So in that year, for its sins, the infant city was incorporated, despite its protests, by the Legislative Assembly of Upper Canada, and told to take up its burden of debt, stand on its own feet, and learn wisdom. This Toronto did, electing for its first mayor William Lyon Mackenzie, who three years later headed the rebellion which sobered the province and cleared the political atmosphere of the whole country.

The old York pioneers, like the pioneers of rural Ontario, have practically vanished. Anyone, however, with a knowledge of Toronto extending back even twenty years or so is familiar with the type to which these early residents belonged. As a rule they lived in little old houses—their own property—in streets running off lower Yonge street. Their favorite places of resort in their declining years were the old, downtown sections of Yonge and Queen streets. And even yet the observer may note fair specimens, in appearance, of this good old type—sons, it may be presumed, of Toronto pioneers—sauntering of a morning, close-lipped, strangely-garbed living memories, in the quarters of the city once haunted by their fathers. These men no doubt could disclose some interesting recollections and could make observations concerning the changed and changing town worth printing, if they chose.

If one of the real old York pioneers could revisit Toronto to-day he would have to enter into the life of the city and study its currents for some time before coming to a full realization of the changes that have occurred. A casual survey of the buildings in the downtown section, a glance at the vaster and more various traffic of Yonge street would acquaint him with the growth of the place. These things would surprise the pioneer, but he would readily understand them. For, after all, Yonge street is, in the main, merely the old village thoroughfare grown busier. The people who crowd it daily are folk "going to business," just as in the old days they "went to work"; the rest are largely shoppers and idlers. At noon hour and at night there is the same parade, only bigger. Perhaps the idle, well-dressed crowds on Saturday afternoons would surprise the pioneer most. He could also understand, after he had looked about a little, the great expansion of the residential district west and east and away up over the hill. But it would be some time before he could grasp the meaning of the new cosmopolitanism of King street, where men now stand and talk easily of Canadian millions invested in the far West, in Mexico, in the islands of the Atlantic; where it is difficult to tell whether the man you pass is a clerk in a dry-goods store or a foreign notability. He would find it equally hard to comprehend the new and different cosmopolitanism of Queen street and "The Ward," where swarms of strange people from all over the world are gathered; or to grasp the import of the hordes of polyglot strangers passing through on their way to people the newer west; or to realize the output of factories and warehouses to meet the demands of greater Canada. The pioneer would have to read a great deal and travel some before he learned what these things meant.

In considering the changes that have occurred since Toronto's pioneer days, however, a glance at the growth of human privilege will prove more interesting than an examination of the growth of population and wealth. The average citizen to-day scarcely experiences surprise when he reads that seventy-five years ago Toronto was without sidewalks or railways. But that men took up arms to fight for political rights, that women stood in the stocks in the market place for trifling offences against the law—these conditions in the time of his grandfather, or even of his father, cause him to pause and reflect. They also cause him to regard the present rather thoughtfully, and to indulge in some speculation as to how the Toronto of 1909 will be regarded by generations in the future. In point of size the big city of to-day, of which we are justly proud, will look small in retrospect. How will it look at the point of genuine urbanity, of tolerance, of charity, of largeness of vision, of communal wisdom?

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POOR little Billiken, the little "god of things as they are," had to come to Toronto to meet an inglorious end. Billiken didn't know he was immoral, and neither did anyone else until our most respected Inspector of Morality found it out; and then Billiken was plastered over with a dirty piece of paper. This little "god" was created by some wise men to make people laugh, and in the present instance he was utilized to advertise a theatrical attraction. There is a legend that no one can look at Billiken without laughing, and so, perhaps if Staff Inspector Stephen, of the Morality Department, had had the saving grace of humor he would not have disturbed the little creature posted there on the dead walls of the city. But not so. The Keeper of the Public's Morals and the Censor of the Drama couldn't have any humor in his cosmos, else he would not fill the position to his own satisfaction or to the satisfaction of those who employ him.

There are some people always who insist upon making other people ridiculous. In this case, Inspector Stephen has cast ridicule upon the whole city of Toronto; and from such as these the good Lord deliver us.

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AT Brantford a young Irish girl, a vagrant, was offered the alternative of jail or the Salvation Army by the Court. She chose, however, to become the wife of "Harry" Chong, a Chinese restaurant keeper, thus dodging both the jail and the Salvation Army at one and the same time. Like a knight of old, Chong came forward and presented himself as a candidate for the woman's hand, and the ceremony at the Police Court was attended by the Police Magistrate and court officials. And thus it was that Chong obtained his bride and she her liberty. The marrying of white girls of this class to Chinese is by no means so rare as would be supposed. In New York, in San Francisco and other centres where the Mongolians

THE COUNTRY:—"Would ye look at that! Here's me workin' the team to death to get 'em out of a hole, and there's them two chief ones scrappin' about whose fault it was—and the rest of 'em ridin' free."

congregate in large numbers the white wife has become quite a part of the landscape. And strange as it may appear to us superior Anglo-Saxons, they get on as a rule quite happily together. In fact, many a poor, degraded woman has been picked up from the very gutter by the Chinese, to be afterward offered honorable marriage and in the end made self-respecting women. Stranger yet perhaps is the fact that these women as a rule become fond of their Mongolian lords and masters. So after all the Chinese have their uses, even in our civilization.

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PITCHFORKED into office by Theodore I., William H. Taft is now President of the United States. Left to the natural inclinations of the voters the chances are that Mr. Taft would never have had an opportunity of assuming the overlordship of the American people. But chance forms a very small percentage in the make-up of Theodore Roosevelt. He had in mind the individual whom he wanted in office, and presto, there he is. No wonder Mr. Taft has spoken and written fine words respecting the man who has now stepped down and out. Who would not under like circumstances? The question is: Has Mr. Taft the proper amount of acumen, capacity and backbone to stand out against that underlying element of corruption, not to call it by a less pleasant name, prevalent to-day in public and corporate affairs in the United States? William McKinley, peace to his ashes, was a man of straw. Brought into office as the result of long years of labor on the part of his friends, President McKinley failed when the crisis of his life arrived. When the war-zest was on he swayed with the multitude. He trimmed with the political wind as he had always done, and war was the result.

"You for no failure we impeach,
Nor for those bodies in the breach,
But for a deeper shallowness of speech."

All honor to the United States for the manner in which she kept her word with Cuba. Few believed that she would. Indeed, it was more than most nations would have consented to do under like circumstances. And again it is questionable if Cuba would have ever prospered under Spanish rule. But the underlying principle is there nevertheless. It was war without provocation, and brought on by reason of a weak executive. What will William H. Taft do under like circumstances? Will he stand up like a man against the howls of the multitude and the yellow press, or develop mental decrepitude as did his predecessor, once removed? Will he sway with the tide and allow the Wall Street jackals to turn and twist him as they see fit; always for their own benefit and to the detriment of the country? William H. Taft looks easy, but perhaps he isn't. Let us hope for the best.

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ONCE more the Canadian Senate is invited to disappear into the neighboring shrubbery. With thirty-five years of experience back of him, Hon. R. W. Scott, author of this last endeavor to reform the Senate, speaks with authority when he says that the Upper House as now constituted is a dismal failure. The Secretary of State thereupon launches a resolution endorsing the principle of making the Senate two-thirds elective by popular vote, and one-third appointive by the Crown, with eight years' tenure of office in each case. Before the members of the Senate, Hon. Mr. Scott's resolution did not meet with any great amount of enthusiasm. This is not surprising, for after all the Senate is almost human, and I have yet to see a man who waxed enthusiastic over voting himself out of office, particularly if the job proved as "easy money" as do these.

However, there can be no question but that Canada in withholding from the people a voice in selecting these representatives, has been falling behind the age. Many of the foremost European countries have already adopted the elective system as a means of obtaining representatives for their Upper Houses; while in England the House of Lords as now constituted is discredited by practically the whole population, less those, of course, who are either directly or indirectly interested, and a third small but select coterie who are still allowing their grandfathers to do their thinking for them.

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IF the bill of Mr. E. N. Lewis, M.P., pertaining to the exposure and sale of deadly weapons does not overreach itself, then the House of Commons should pass it without hesitation. The West Huron member in introducing the bill the other day took occasion to point out that while the present law provides against the carrying of deadly weapons there is nothing against the exposure and sale of the same to any who wish to buy. The consequence is that foreigners, chiefly immigrants from Southern Europe, on arriving here immediately arm themselves. Back in their home land they heard of the "wild and woolly West" and upon landing here and viewing windows full of revolvers and like weapons in second-hand stores and pawn shops, the most natural thing is to arm up for the pending fray. The consequence of this is scores of murders and hospital cases every year among this class of people. Mr. Lewis, in his bill, seeks to provide that deadly weapons be placed in the same category as deadly drugs, and that the law be so framed as to prevent their sale except by permit from the police officials or a judge. Of course, the House will see to it that the rights of a citizen to have a revolver in his own home for the protection of the same against unlawful intruders is in no way interfered with. Unfortunately we have not yet reached that ideal happy state where a man may be dead sure that there is no good reason to look under the bed.

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BACK-BITING has become a lost art. So Lady Dorothy Nevill claims in answer to the Bishop of London's denunciation of the "catty spirit" in society. Girls are becoming more manlike, she says, they go in more and more for various forms of outdoor sport, they keep themselves a great deal busier, and so they have less inclination and less time to hold post-mortems on the reputations of their friends. Well, all I can say is that I am sorry to hear it. It may be perfectly true that gossip is naughty and wicked and cruel. Good clergymen, like the Bishop of London, have told us so very many times, and, of course, no one would think of disputing the question with a bishop. But at the same time I can't help feeling that the passing of back-biting and gossip and so-called "cattiness" means a great loss to social intercourse. As Thackeray has pointed out, a slice of cold friend with jelly is a mighty insipid dish, but the same friend nicely devilled and grilled is something to tempt the jaded appetite. And which of us hasn't somewhere or other his treasured recollections of a cosy corner and a charming hostess, who gracefully poured tea and delicate sarcasm and made of a weary afternoon a thing of uncloying delight? But they tell us now that such things are the last subtle refinements of savagery, a sort of intellectual cannibalism, and that they are giving way to the newer and healthier and better order of things, where the talk will be of hunting and automobiles and open-air subjects, and where gossip will be no more. The "catty spirit" is a thing of the past, according to those good people, and they expect us to rejoice in our wonderful progress in the ways of virtue. But there are some old-fashioned people who are rather fond of cats, who like them for their sly gracefulness and deceitful purring and who don't mind even an occasional scratch. Indeed, it is possible that there are people who prefer the soft-footed trickery of Miss Puss to the big honest bow-wow of good Tige. And it is this sort of person who, in the midst of impersonal and bloodless talk about books and music and golf, will think with regret of the subtly personal conversations of unregenerate days, when slender arrows of wit flew wickedly from dainty bows, and when the characters of dear friends became somewhat suggestive of well-filled pin-cushions. And it is such people again, who will ask themselves if we are not becoming too virtuous, too serious about ourselves, and if we are not bent on reforming all the joy out of life?

THE COLONEL.

The Perished Years.

Where is my little sweetheart,
She of the hair of gold?
My little sweetheart of only nine,
Whose hand was wont to lie warm in mine,
And whose blue eyes told
All her childish love, and hope, and fears?—
Gone, gone with the perished years!

And where is the boy who loved her?
Who dreamed such fiery dreams
Of the dragons that he should meet and fight
And should kill for his love and for the right,
And whose image seems
To greet my eyes, despite their tears?—
Gone, gone with the perished years!

The perished years, the perished years,
And all they held of joy!
Memory has become a tomb,
And enshrined in its sepulchral womb
Lie a girl and boy,
Youth and love, with their laughter and tears,
And their buoyant hope that knew no fears,—
Gone, gone with the perished years,
Dead with the perished years!

LESTER RYAN.

A Real Provincial Police Force.

Editor Saturday Night: It is indeed welcome news to learn that the Ontario government is planning a police force upon the lines of the R. N. W. M. P. Let us hope that the pattern will not be departed from.

Those of us who have, in the Northwest and in Yukon, enjoyed the protection of a real police force, will welcome the needed protection to Ontario. In protesting against the withdrawal of the N. W. M. P. from the new provinces, foreshadowed in 1906, I wrote that instead of reducing the force, it ought to be extended to every part of Canada. Nor was it a joke to say that a man's life and property is safer, and always has been as safe, in the Klondike as in any part of Ontario. Considering the rough, diversified population of the Klondike, this is a credit to the mounted police.

Time was when the old style of constable might do for this province, but the influx of strangers, the rich finds of mineral, attracting a restless population, have changed conditions. Ontario of late years is earning a reputation for domestic crime and violence. The country and town constabulary is totally unfit to cope with serious crime and disorder. Imagine, if you can, the Malone atrocity being perpetrated in the West.

Comparing the work and effectiveness of the mounted police to that of our local police is like comparing "a singed cat to a Bengal tiger."

It is quite true that the western policeman cannot always be on hand when the crime is committed, but by a careful and systematic study of the passing population, they are usually not far from a tragedy when it occurs. Their perpetual vigilance, organization, resources, system of disseminating information, and above all, their relentless, never-tiring pursuit of criminals, is a powerful deterrent, and puts the fear of Canadian law into the would-be bad man, who has killed his one or more men in the "States."

The N. W. M. P. not only has reflected honor upon our country among the incoming armies of immigrants, but has repaid its cost from the beginning more than twentyfold. As an immigration agent the mounted police have been invaluable, protecting, directing, informing, warning and reassuring the strangers from afar.

If the new Ontario force is actually formed and directed upon the lines of the famous western police, if the members are taught to patrol the whole country, if they are given jurisdiction everywhere in the province, if they are properly trained to use their common sense, if they are taught that when they go after a man they must bring him dead or alive, and walk cooly up to a loaded pistol, then the force will justify its formation, and both crime and disease will be less prevalent in the province.

As long as the present useless system of untrained, independant police units continues, as long as increasing and unprotected wealth accumulates to tempt the criminal, as long as the present fool system operates to warn tramps and toughs to move on and prey upon successive localities (instead of having them locked up whenever found) so long will crime flourish and increase in Ontario.

Yours,
HENRY J. WOODSIDE.

Ottawa, March 2, 1909.

Unwritten History.

THE first thing that struck Columbus when he landed in America was the absence of real estate; neither corner lots, country places nor factory sites. Calling a likely looking Indian brave, he asked, "Have you a deed for this land?"

"Indeed we have not," replied the Indian.

"Then how did you get it?" continued Columbus, meanwhile counting up on his fingers the vast fortune that lay before him even at one hundred dollars per lot without sewer, gas, water, paved streets or even policemen.

"Our ancestors discovered it," responded the Indian, as well as the difference in their languages would permit.

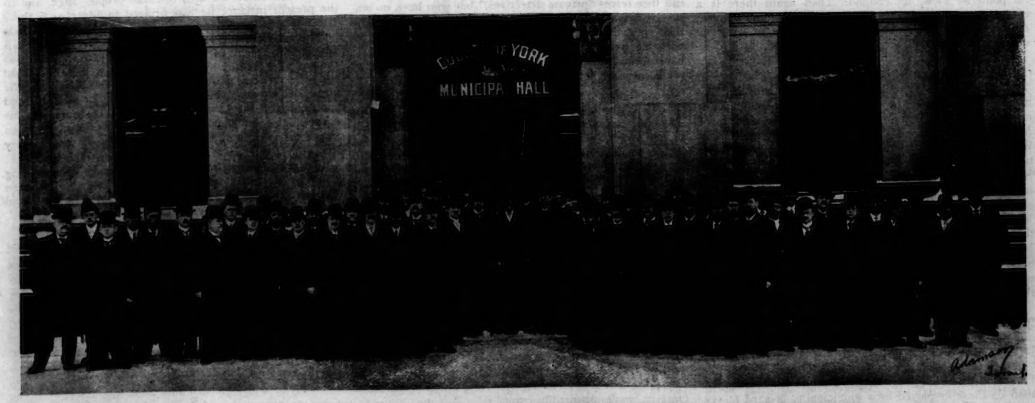
"That will never do," exclaimed Columbus, in disgust. "We have come to discover it again and discover it right. This will be a discovery in deed as well as in fact." Then, turning to one of his crew of the name of Astor, he handed him a deed to Manhattan Island. Among the others of his crew he sold, bargained, conveyed, transferred, set over and otherwise distributed all the rest of the land, except, that lying west of the Mississippi River. This he divided into two portions. One of these portions he gave to the transcontinental railroads and the other portion he set aside as a basis for future land frauds.

Needless to say, real estate offices sprang up everywhere, prices immediately advanced and all subsequent immigrants had to pay rent.—Ellis O. Jones, in Life.

Stories of the German Emperor provoke many a smile in even less democratic countries than Canada. As amusing as some of the more fanciful tales circulated concerning His Imperial Majesty is his actual practice in telephoning, as noted in an English exchange. Despite mistakes caused by the Kaiser's refusal to name himself at the opening of his conversation, he invariably introduces his telephoned orders merely with the words, "I command that," and so forth. As soon as the chief of department hears these words he motions that his subordinates must at once leave the room. The significance of this arrangement is supposed to be that the chief is having something like an audience with His Majesty, and that would be presumptuous for a person not summoned to hear the Imperial voice to occupy the room into which its tones are conveyed. At the end of the conversation the Emperor walks away without saying "good-bye," and the chief with whom he has conversed must listen for five or six minutes afterwards to make sure that orders have been completed. Then he calls back his assistants, and the usual etiquette is resumed.

Unter den Linden is the centre spot of Berlin and the hub of the German Empire. This magnificent boulevard is 198 feet in width, and under the shade of its lime trees the Berliners have a meeting-place which is equal in architectural beauty to any in Europe. It is lined on either side with magnificent hotels, restaurants and palaces. At the east end of Unter den Linden, where it enters upon the Opera House Platz, stands the magnificent monument of Frederick the Great, which is worthy of the real founder of United Germany. To the right of this monument is the palace of the Emperor William I., now occupied by Prince Heinrich. The north side of the Opera Platz is occupied by the buildings of the University of Berlin, and next to it stands the Royal Library, which rivals that at the British Museum both in its size and the number of volumes it contains. The opera house itself is on the south of the platz, and is a building worthy of a nation of music-lovers like the Germans.

William Day has been selected by Mr. Knox for the position of United States Under Secretary of State. Mr. Day was an assistant in the Department of Justice when Mr. Knox was Attorney-General. When Paul Morton went from the Navy Department to become president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, he took Mr. Day with him as one of the vice-presidents of the insurance company. Mr. Day is giving up a $30,000 position with the Equitable to become Under Secretary of State at $10,000 per year. His duties with the Equitable have been largely those of a general counsel, though he holds the rank and title of vice-president. As Under Secretary of State Mr. Day will have large control and supervision over the affairs of the State Department, leaving to Mr. Knox the shaping of policies and the really big affairs.



MEETING OF THE GOOD ROADS ASSOCIATION OF THE PROVINCE OF ONTARIO, RECENTLY HELD IN TORONTO.

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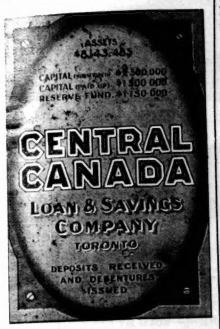

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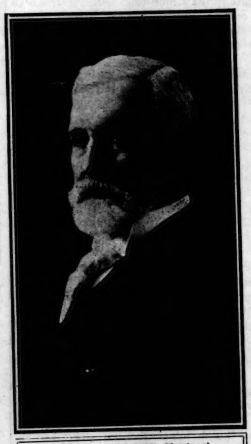
THE INVESTOR

TORONTO MONTREAL

MONTREAL, MARCH 10.

MR. M. P. DAVIS, of Ottawa, has resigned from the directorate of the Montreal Light, Heat & Power Company. In view of the fact that Power stock has been on the down grade lately, many see in the resignation of Mr. Davis a significance which might otherwise be lacking. There is always something peculiarly attractive about "Power" stock. Montrealers are always looking for something to happen in connection with it and they are seldom disappointed for any considerable length of time. The old-timers of the market know well that when everyone begins talking bullish on it and the newspapers are in the middle of their "investment-buying" campaign, then is the time that something usually *does* happen. So the wise ones generally are satisfied with a small profit. However, we are told there is no connection whatever with the resignation of Mr. Davis and the recent decline—that is, no connection other than would be furnished by the sale of his holdings. How far one's imagination has to be stretched to establish a connection under such circumstances, is a question which must be settled by each for himself. So far as can be learned, however, Mr. Davis has no fight with the Power Company and is simply dropping out because he wants to turn his attention to something else.



MR. R. B. ANGUS, Montreal.
Mr. Angus is reckoned among Canada's rich men. He is a director of the C. P. R., of the Bank of Montreal, and of the Dominion Coal Company. In his earlier days he was general manager of the Bank of Montreal.

The Combine.—In days gone by, however, Mr. Davis *had* a fight with the Power Company. So had W. McLea Walbank, now first vice-president of the concern. Each of these gentlemen had something which worried the life out of the Power Company, so the Power Company "saw" them, as it were. Mr. Walbank had a company known as the Lachine Hydraulic and Mr. Davis one known as the St. Lawrence Power, or St. Lawrence something-or-other. At any rate, the Lachine Company was doing business in the city in competition with the Power Company, and at lower rates; and the St. Lawrence Company, while not actually doing business, was threatening to do so. It was not till the blandishments of the Power Company overpowered the resistence of the Lachine Company and the two became one, that the St. Lawrence Company bobbed up at an inopportune moment for the Power Company and brought about a reduction in the price that company might otherwise have been able to secure for street lighting. While this might have been sufficient warning to bring about the absorption of the new enemy—which absorption, no doubt, was regarded by the enemy as a very desirable consummation—a further influence in that direction developed. The demand for electric current in the city of Montreal was constantly enlarging, and the Chambly development of the Power Company revealed weaknesses, at times, which threatened the regularity of the supply of electricity from that source. The Power Company being barely able to supply the demand, required another source of power. The St. Lawrence Company's site on the Soulanges Canal possessed splendid potentialities. So here was another chance for the Power Company to kill two birds with one stone. It did so. Less than a year ago Mr. M. P. Davis went on the Board of the Power Company, and towards the end of last year the Power Company began delivering current from its Soulanges development.

Another Competitor.

But even should the Power Company lay successful siege to the young affections of the Montreal Electric Company, it has still another competitor in the field. This is the Montreal Canadian Light and Power Company, and this company it can never absorb. More correctly speaking, it cannot absorb its source of power. Nor can it amalgamate with it nor agree with it in the matter of terms. Now observe, ladies and gentlemen, and apply the moral—it is not yet too late and will be worth money to you all. The lease of the Beauharnois Canal power was granted in such a manner that its value cannot be alienated from the natural and rightful owner of all the gifts of the Creator—the citizens—and should the owner try to evade this provision by combining with others in the matter of rates, it immediately forfeits its charter. Consequently, unless the Power Company succeeds in keeping this company out of business, it will always, to some extent, be prevented in obtaining prices it otherwise would obtain. Had this provision also been tacked on to the Lachine and the Soulanges powers, what would be the effect on the price of electric current, think you?

It may be interesting to note that the city of Montreal is now taking, day by day, no less than 53,000 horse-power from the Power Company. This company has the following sources:

Chambly, water power.....	25,000	horse-power
Lachine, water power.....	8,000	horse-power
Shawinigan, water power ..	15,000	(on contract)
Steam plant in city	10,000	horse-power
Soulanges, water power	15,000	horse-power
Total now available	73,000	horse-power
Soulanges, to be added	5,000	
Available in near future ..	78,000	horse-power

Montreal Electric.

Another explanation of the break in Power stock is furnished by the appearance of two more healthy looking competitors in the field. One of them, the Montreal Electric Company, by erecting poles in the streets of both Montreal and Westmount, in spite of the opposition of those municipalities, and by demonstrating its legal right so to do, has shown that it has rights superior even to those possessed by the Power Company. The latter can only exercise its rights subject to the vested rights of other companies; and, as the Montreal Electric Company, by recently planting its poles in the streets, has created vested right, the situation contains many interesting possibilities. It may be added that this company was of recent times first brought prominently before the attention of the city by the fact that two syndicates or factions both laid claim to its charter. Each held its own meeting and elected its own board of directors and then went before the courts to fight the matter out. As each claimed certain rights to the stock of men who have long since passed over to their reward, and as dead men tell no tales, the courts—possibly with a certain amount of hesitation, though giving no evidence thereof eventually decided in favor of the Vipond interests which subsequently have been giving the Power Company some thoughtful moments. Possibly one of these days we may hear of another new director on the board of the Power Company.

Mr. Davis's Resignation.—Whether the weak turn the Power Company took on the Stock Exchange, last Monday, was due to the resignation of Mr. Davis or not, is hard to say. That someone had been selling Power for some time had been surmised for days past by the market-followers; but it is stated that the break on Monday could not have been occasioned by selling on the part of Mr. Davis as he had completed his deal some days previously.

Sir Charles' Northern Pacific.—Noticing the question in the financial columns of one of the daily papers as to whether Northern Pacific ever sold at $1,000 per share, reminds one of how some friends of Sir Charles Tupper endeavored to get him out of the stock at high figures that memorable ninth of May, 1901. It is hardly necessary to go into the details of this celebrated squeeze, and how the stock sold from $190 to $1,000 per share in one of the most excited markets the financial world has ever seen. Sir Charles Tupper held a good sized block of Northern Pacific, sufficient to have made him a rich man at anything like $500 per share. When the Wall Street market flamed up on that ninth of May, Sir Charles Tupper was quietly reposing on the deck of an Allan liner on a journey from England to Canada. The stock was in the strong boxes of one of the banks, but could not be touched, of course, without Sir Charles' signature. His friends were aware of this, but the thing was to get that permission, sell the stock at a high figure and make Sir Charles independent for life. The Allan liner had been reported in the Gulf, and it was a question of getting in touch with her. Every expedient was tried, but when Sir Charles was finally communicated with the New York stock market was closed and the opportunity lost forever. However, he did sell out at a good profit, something like $190 per share on the following day.

TORONTO, MARCH 11.

THE low rates for money are likely to be prolonged for some time to come. So far, at least there is little or no evidence of a change for the better. The value of money depends largely upon industrial conditions, and no permanent appreciation is possible until there is a more marked improvement in trade and commerce the world over. There is still some uncertainty in financial circles. Borrowings abroad are believed by some to be excessive, but while they are being made possible owing to unusually large surpluses of idle money, the basis of these increased liabilities is the almost limitless amount of arable lands in Canada which is awaiting the plough. The tendency of British investments is towards countries which supply food and raw material rather than those which compete in manufactures. This country has exceptional natural advantages, and the effect of British investments here will manifestly strengthen the markets for the manufactures of the United Kingdom. So far this year the Canadian stock and bonds issues in London aggregate some $45,000,000, and taken collectively the prices obtained are an evidence of the confidence the investor has in the future of this country. And it must be remembered, too, that these British capitalists know far more about Canada than their predecessors. Newspaper criticism has not been lacking, it is true, about our ever-increasing necessities for capital. It has come in some cases from journals having little knowledge of the situation. For instance, the large borrowings for South American enterprises are put down to us. The London Truth summarizes the capitalization of four Latin-American companies, viz.: The Sao Paulo Tram, Mexican L. and P., Mexican Tram, and Rio de Janeiro, at $116,000,000. "This big sum," that paper says, "is not the painful accumulation of years, for *festina lente* is a motto scorned by your modern Canadian capitalist, who in the matter of Napoleonic finance may have begun as a pupil of the Yankee, but is now in a fair way of becoming the master." It is true that a few Canadians have investments in the concerns mentioned, but beyond that there is no responsibility attached. No Canadian regards these companies as anything but outside investments, and many of our own people take the same view of them as the London paper. They are in no respect Canadian.

The $45,000,000 of issues sold in London this year include the Dominion Government $30,000,000 loan of 3¾ per cent. at 99¼, Montreal Cotton $1,000,000 of 5 per cent. at 97, Montreal 4 per cent. amounting to $2,000,000 at 103, Grand Trunk Pacific $5,000,000 of 4 per cent. stock at 99, and $1,500,000 of Winnipeg Electric 4½ per cents at 97. These were all successful flotations, and sold on merit. There were no inducements to stimulate buying. Issue prices were relatively high and interest rates low. The Russians and Argentines carried much higher rates of interest. In one or two instances, perhaps, the public

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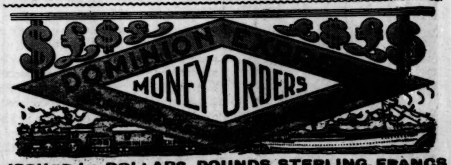

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His Majesty The King of the Belgians
His Majesty The King of Spain.

The honorary governors who will visit Toronto General Hospital during the coming week are Mr. W. T. White and Dr. John Hoskin.

did not subscribe as liberally as had been expected, but the underwriters have every confidence, and will eventually sell at a premium.

⁂

High Prices of Farm Produce.

Prices of steel and iron, drygoods, and of many other articles that pertain to the cost of living have receded within the past year, but this cannot be said of the chief products of the farm Farming has been most profitable in consequence, particularly in Canada, where the yield of grain has been more prolific than in most agricultural countries. Our exportable surplus has increased, but as the growers have derived much benefit through better prices, it has been at the expense of the industrial classes, in the higher cost of living. Crops in European countries and in the United States have not been good; they have not increased in proportion to the population, and while Canada has had this advantage, the world in general has suffered through an insufficiency of agricultural produce. Take, for instance, wheat, the world's production of which last year was 3,108,000,000 bushels. It is true the total crop was 200,000,000 bushels greater than in 1907, but less even than during the two previous years. In 1906 the crop was 3,286,700,000 bushels, and in 1905 the world's yield was 3,212,700,000 bushels. This relative production is also true of other crops. While some may think little of the importance of good harvests, it is nevertheless true that the greatest prosperity in trade and finance follows the abundance of agricultural produce. A poor yield surely will prolong the depression and bring much hardship among the working classes, while a big yield will prove an incalculable advantage and do much towards insuring a return to real prosperity. Of late, available supplies have been so limited, and cheap money so abundant, that unhealthy speculation has been fostered. The markets have been too easy to corner. The only cure for this situation is larger crops the world over, and higher prices for money. Upon the poor the high prices of food products to-day are an exceeding hardship; and the contrast between the average workingman in large cities and the average condition of the same class in agricultural sections is very striking, showing a difference that should not continue indefinitely.

⁂

Stock Market.

Call money in Toronto is quoted at 4 to 4½ per cent., but the demand even at these relatively low rates is not very active. The supply of liquid assets of our banks is greater than at any former period in their history, and how to use these surpluses is a vexed question with many of our loaning institutions. The statement is made that loans have been made on choice collateral at 3½ per cent., but in such instances the lender has the assurance that the loan will be liquidated on call. Even so, it is an evidence of the easy condition of the money market. Stocks have shown a good deal of irregularity, with no decided movement either way. The regular dividends on the Mackays and Dominion Coal have been declared, while the promised 7 per cent. rate on Toronto Railway for the first quarter of the year has been declared. At 123 the annual investment return on this issue is 5.68 per cent. Several years ago, while still paying 5 per cent., but during a boom, Toronto Railway sold up to 125¼. There is further talk of an increased dividend shortly on Mackay Common, now that the idea of the Dominion Government intervening in the Atlantic cable business has been quieted. The company has secured a landing station in Newfoundland by formal contract with the local government, and the market for the stock is better in consequence. The surplus earnings of Twin City for 1908 were better than had been expected, but the increased dividend so often discussed is still a mystery Bank shares have been inactive and featureless the past week. New listings on the Toronto Stock Exchange were Crown Reserve Mining Co., with a capital of $2,000,000; Wm. A. Rogers, Limited, $900,000 of preferred, and $750,000 common stock.

⁂

Exports of Gold.

Owing chiefly to the return of United States securities from Europe, a large increase in imports of merchandise and a reduction in American exports of agricultural produce and provisions, gold exports of New York were resumed this week. It was engaged for London. It is now nearly two years since America sent gold direct to the British metropolis; Paris has in the interim absorbed all shipments, taking them largely for account of London. These engagements of gold for export have really had little or no effect on prices of Wall Street securities. Money is still cheaper in New York than in London. The exchange market at New York has not been under the influence of violent manipulation of late. The scarcity of remittances is very pronounced, and there is nothing in sight to bring about any extensive addition to the supply. A year ago sterling exchange was nearly 29 below to-day's level.

Stories of a Unique Journalist.

A VERY interesting article on the personality and peculiarities of James Gordon Bennett, owner of The New York Herald, appears in the current issue of The Outing Magazine. It is written by George Jean Nathan, who refers to Mr. Bennett as "The Monte Cristo of Modern Journalism." For many years Bennett has made his home in Paris, and he conducts The Herald by cable. They keep his room habitable just as if he were expected in every day, and at the head of the table when the staff meets in conference his chair is always kept in position. Some of the stories told of Bennett are worth repeating:

He has always been a "stickler" in the matter of the personal appearance of the men in his employ, and he demands neatness above all things. They used to tell a story in this regard that shows the unexpected turns that Mr. Bennett makes every once in a while.

Anticipating a visit from the proprietor, word was sent quivering through the office that every man was to spruce up and look his best. There was a hurry, a clatter, a dash to get into trim, and when Mr. Bennett appeared the general survey was a pleasing one. That is, forgetting one man who had not heard the advance news of The Coming, and who, consequently, had not "cleaned up." When Mr. Bennett entered the big room of the city department the trim members of the staff clustered around the untidy one in an effort to hide him from view. Mr. Bennett spied him, however, and asked him to step out.

With visions of dismissal in his mind's eye, the unkempt reporter faced his employer, who said lightly: "You are the only man in here who looks as if he'd been working. You can add fifteen dollars a week to your salary."

There has always been something of swashbuckling, soldier-of-fortune, dare-devil regality in this man Bennett's romantic make-up. Years ago, while seated in front of the blazing grate in the Union Club with Pierre Lorillard and several other friends, one of the latter, glancing out at the snow that swirled against the huge windows, remarked that it was a bad night on which to venture out.

"You call this bad?" laughed Bennett, "why, I wouldn't mind sailing my yacht across the ocean in just such weather."

"Ten thousand dollars you would not do any such thing," cried out his friend.

"I'll take the bet," replied Bennett quietly, "and I'll double it and race you to England."

The story of Mr. Bennett's yacht race across the winter seas created the sensation of the day.

Several years later, Mr. Bennett, back in America again at the holiday season, dropped into one of his clubs, and, in an absent-minded moment, handed the waiter, who was serving him, his purse containing several hundred dollars. The waiter, dumbfounded, took the purse and went back to the service room. Recovering from his surprise half an hour later, he approached the table where Mr. Bennett was seated. Several of the latter's friends had joined him by this time.

"I beg your pardon, sir," the waiter addressed Mr. Bennett, "but you gave me two hundred and ninety dollars a while ago. You didn't mean to, did you, sir?"

Sensitive about his even rarely occurring absent-mindedness and rather than let his friends know about it, Mr. Bennett, looking over his shoulder, said to the waiter: "Certainly I did, James, just as a little Christmas gift. Only I thought I had given you an even three hundred. Here is the other ten."

Summum Bonum.

They had looked on the wine when it was red,
And the wine had shrunk at their gaze;
And so as they smoked the talk was led
Through most philosophic ways.

"And what is the greatest good in life?"
Asked one on whose cheek was down;
And some said wealth, some a loving wife,
Some power and some renown.

But their host, a philosophic wight,
And passing scant of hair,
Said: "As floating bubbles these are light,
Life's best is a good armchair.

"For gold is fleeting and women frail,
And power a crown of lead;
Renown is a bruit upon the gale,
Which shouts and at once is fled.

"But your old armchair is always there
And its arms are always wide;
It cushions you 'gainst the shocks of care;
It rocks you on dreamland's tide.

"It brings you wiser, kindlier thought,
Than the Grecian sage his tub;
The halcyon peace that can't be bought,
Where e'en Hamlet would see no rub.

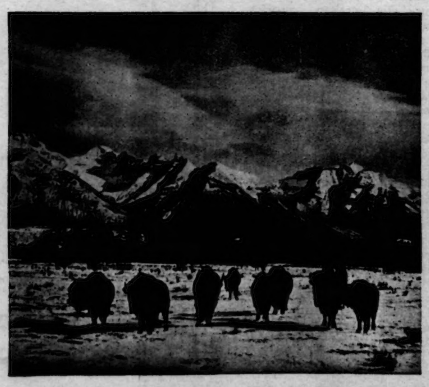
"So you may have wealth, and you renown,
You a loving wife and fair,
And you may take your kingly crown,
But I'll have my old armchair.

"My secrets I've given it all to keep
Since in childhood I cuddled there,
And when I grow drowsy with life's last sleep
May it be in my old armchair."

PETER O'DEE.

The Crown Prince of Siam has written a book of travels which has been published in his native language. A copy of the work has been received by the library of Harvard University.

ROAMING BUFFALO IN HIS SNOW-BOUND HOME, BRITISH COLUMBIA



As late as 1870 a buffalo herd would include thousands or even a million individuals. Wagon trains and the first railway trains were obliged to halt and allow the herds to part, and even steamboats on the Upper Missouri have been halted by swimming buffalo herds. Now a few specimens remain in the forests south of the Great Slave Lake and about 500 head in the various parks and zoological gardens. William T. Hornaday, in the report of the Smithsonian Institution for 1887, published a full account of the extermination of the American bison and he pronounced the record "a disgrace to the American people." The original habitat of the buffalo extended from the Great Slave Lake to mexico, and eastward to the Carolinas and Virginia. Buffalo trails—hard beaten paths on the arid plains—may still be seen both in the United States and Canada. The small herd seen in the photograph belongs Lord Strathcona; it was formerly kept near Winnipeg but was transferred to the Rocky Mountains Park of Canada.

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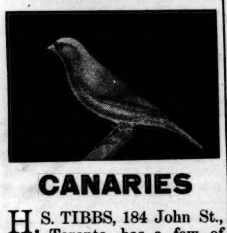
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NOTES from NEW YORK

BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

NEW YORK, MARCH 9.

EXIT Teddy Bear, enter Bill Possum! When that highly-famed and savory marsupial was given the place of honor on the New Orleans menu, little did anyone dream the consequences would be so far-reaching. One would have thought the honor of being served to a President of the United States, enough to gratify the ambitious lust of any plebian. But not so Bill Possum. Intoxicated with success "Mr. Bill" threatens to dislodge the national pet, which, for seven years, has been hugged to every child's heart, has become the familiar companion of every ladies' dormitory, and the proud possession of every household in the land. Teddy Bear has been pushed under the counters, and a little grey animal with a pointed nose and a long tail, in size somewhere between the grey squirrel and the coon has taken its place in the market stalls. In one shop I noticed a colored boy playing with what seemed a live specimen, but closer inspection disclosed two fingers manipulating the forepaws, while the rear portion was carefully concealed under his arm. The performance was very realistic, but not exactly appetizing. And let me say for the future encouragement of Teddy Bear's friends that Bill Possum does not inspire affection (at least not in me) and I greatly doubt that he will ever find the place in the national heart that was accorded his illustrious predecessor.

* * *

TO all appearances ex-President Roosevelt has settled down to a few days of rural life on his Oyster Bay farm, prior to his departure for the African jungles on March 23. The date, by the way, seems to be singularly well chosen. The farm life will be varied, of course, by editorial appearances in The Outlook, the advance work for which, was so nobly done in the last issue. At noon of March 4, Mr. Roosevelt left the White House to become a citizen of the Republic over whose destinies he has so strenuously presided for seven years. At ten o'clock that night he crossed New York city, to take the Long Island train home. Only the newspaper men were at the station to meet and escort him to the ferry. On the journey from Washington, it seems, he was observed whenever the train stopped, chatting pleasantly to Mrs. Roosevelt. To complete the picture of domestic felicity, Mrs. Roosevelt had brought along her knitting. This item comes from Wilmington, Del., where the effect of such a scene on the rural mind may be easily imagined. The great master of stage effects had chosen the best possible setting for his final scene, and incidentally driven home by example, some of his most familiar precepts. I have sometimes wondered why Mr. Roosevelt has not been mentioned in connection with the New Theatre.

* * *

THE Victoria-N.Y.A.C. hockey match for the international championship, although clean and fast, was hardly of the championship brand. The Victorias, for some reason did not find themselves at any stage of the game. There was little or no combination work, the checking was notoriously bad, and the goals scored, in most cases, were the result of brilliant dashes. The local team had rather the best of the play from the start. They set a good clip, their team work was excellent, and individually they outshone the Canadian champions, except in two instances—Robinson in goal, who played a brilliant game, and Bowie, the best stick handler on the ice. New York is fast learning the Canadian game, and visitors may as well be impressed with the fact. To be beaten at our own game is not pleasant. This week Ottawa and Wanderers are to play off a double-header at the same rink. This ought to give us the real thing.

* * *

THE loan exhibition of German contemporary paintings, brought over to inaugurate the opening of the new east wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, some weeks ago, has just been brought to a close, and the valuable collection returned to its native land. So fearful for its safety were those concerned in the project, that the request of Chicago and other cities for a hanging was denied. This is unfortunate, as it is quite unlikely that such a representative collection of modern German painters will be seen again outside of Germany and possibly not there.

One's enjoyment, apart from his intellectual appreciation of much that was seen there, will, of course, depend somewhat on his temperament, and on his ideas of the functions of art. A great deal was probably not intended to give enjoyment, but to present pictorially some of the artist's own philosophy of life. And we all know what German philosophy can be. There was one huge canvas, for instance, by Fitz Erler, in three panels, the centre of which was occupied by a colossal female figure, walking the earth with a mighty stride, scourge in hand. In the left panel were vaguely drawn human shapes, postured in varying degrees of sensuous excess, with only the lips and breasts or part of a shoulder exposed. In the right panel, against a lurid background, a procession of bowed men moved, scourging themselves frenziedly, while above in a dim light hovered the form of the Virgin. The interpretation of all this I leave you to guess.

Symbolism and mysticism were in evidence everywhere. Arnold Bocklin's sensational portrait of himself (I believe it is) was there, with the figure of death behind him in the shadow, playing on one string, the last, the significance of which we now understand. Interest, perhaps, centred in one of Stuck's allegorical canvases, a wonderful piece of painting, showing a sort of inferno, with bowed muscular men, painted in shadow, and writhing women, in unreal bluish flesh tones, struggling in the coils of enormous blue serpents. This seemed to be Stuck at his brute best. There were pictures in plenty, of course, such as Bocklin's "Siren"—a beautifully languid figure leaning against a tall perpendicular rock, indifferently striking the chords of her rock hewn harp; some Lenbach portraits, and his half nude study, "An Ecstacy," I believe it is called, painted in those marvelous pearly flesh tones that are peculiarly his, that were entirely free from disquieting thoughts and delighted for their beauty alone.

* * *

HOW different in its totality, however, this German realism, from the exhibition of that famous Spanish realist, Sorolla y Bastida, now on view in the handsome gallery of the Hispanic Society. Here we have a painter of sunlight—and how he can paint it!—summer skies, summer seas, and stretches of sand beach made only for children's play, it would seem. Of the three hundred odd canvases shown, at least a hundred are devoted to children playing on the sea shore. And how everything is simplified by these summer skies, these Valencian shores, this worldful of playing children. No morbid introspection, no mysticism, no German metaphysics mixed in the paint pot. But, unconfused and happy this painter of "God's outdoors," revels in sunshine, and puts the gladness of life into every brush stroke. I do not recall an exhibition from which I have extracted more real joy.

While the jocund note prevails, the range of subjects is wide and interesting. There are a number of landscapes in the collection, and some portraits—chiefly of Sorolla's contemporaries in music letters and statesmanship, jovial faced men—that are masterpieces in execution. The most charming picture in the gallery is called "After the Bath." This shows a radiant young girl draped in a long diaphonous robe, the wet clinging garment delicately suggesting the maidenly contour. Behind her, quite free from consciousness, a youth is holding a large white sheet ready to wrap about her. The marvelous whiteness of that sheet is the wonder and despair of artists.

* * *

THE only new theatrical offering for the present week is a promised, sumptuous revival of "King John" with Mr. Robert Mantel in the title role. An adequate presentation of this piece might well prove the event of any theatrical season, but the fact that it has not been produced for about twenty-five years, would seem to argue a difficulty in measuring up to its full requirements.

J. E. W.

The Strange, Inside History of Prince Rupert.

THE history of Prince Rupert will make interesting reading when it comes to be written; the many and various vicissitudes through which it passed have fallen to the lot of but few places, governments, corporations and private citizens having various fingers in the pie. Briefly the story is this as understood in British Columbia:

Port Simpson was the first prospective site, but land speculators, knowing this, stepped in there and held the land at a fancy figure. Of course, the company wanted to get the land as cheaply as possible, and as the advent of the railway company would give it its value, they felt this should accrue to them, so they looked round for some other harbor and chose Prince Rupert, to the dismay of the Port Simpson speculators. But here again the land speculator had got in ahead of them. Everybody, in this part of the world at least, has heard of the famous Kaien Island land deal of Mrs. Anderson, whereby 10,000 acres of Government property were acquired for $10,000. However, the company thought they couldn't do better than acquire her rights, so by paying $20,000 they did this.

The sale of Crown lands in British Columbia is governed by a clause which provides that if any of the land is subsequently divided into a townsite, one-quarter of the lots revert to the Crown. The G. T. P. Company in an endeavor to circumvent this and secure complete control of all town lots, negotiated with the Dominion Government for acquisition of the adjoining Indian Reserve on Kaien Island, thinking, I suppose, that this was not Provincial land and, therefore, they wouldn't have to yield up quarter of the lots. The British Columbia Government, however, insisted on its reversionary rights in the reserve, after the Indians were settled with; so the company, after buying out the Indians were still in the same position in relation to the Provincial Government. Meanwhile, while negotiations were pending and after the Indians were bought out (the reserve thus becoming provincial land) John Houston, of The Prince Rupert Empire, staked some mineral claims on it at the proper psychological moment, had them properly recorded, and thus, according to law, acquired first right to the ground; in effect stealing it from under the very nose of the company. In the matter of the townsite, he had subsequently to be reckoned with, given a free site and other concessions. Then, as a final blow along comes a man named Kane and gets the name "Prince Rupert" recorded as the name of his townsite, fifteen miles or so from the real Prince Rupert, which, not yet being laid out, could not be recorded, and the law will not allow the same name to be applied to two different townsites.

HON. S. H. BLAKE

Whose letter declaring "the teaching of religious knowledge in University College ultra vires," has attracted considerable attention, and has contributed added interest to the Carman-Jackson controversy.

So, what with having to deal, first with Mrs. Anderson for the land, then with Houston for his mineral claims, and lastly with Kane for their very name—which they chose with so much care and for which a prize was offered—the poor G. T. P. must by this time be convinced that they are not match for the keen intellects of the West. They must be sitting up, rubbing their eyes and wondering where they are going to have it handed to them next.

CHRISTOPHER SHALE.

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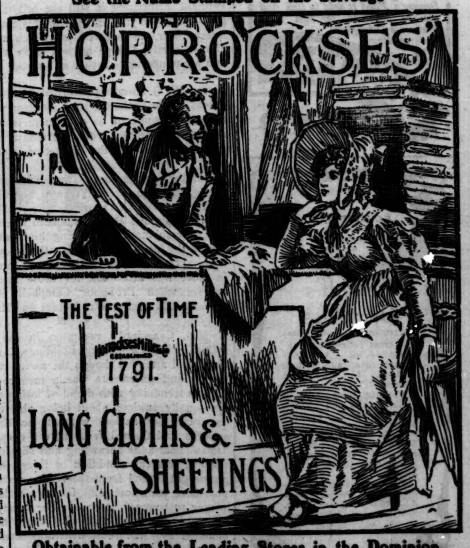

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

LADY FALCONBRIDGE.

THE very excellent portrait of Lady Falconbridge, wife of Sir Glenholme Falconbridge, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, which appears at the head of this column, represents one of a trio of sisters, daughters of the late Chief Justice Sullivan, whose several husbands each in due time attained the same exalted rank. Mrs. Thomas Moss, widow of the late Chief Justice Moss; Lady Moss, wife of Sir Charles Moss, Chief Justice of the Court of Appeal, and the lady whose portrait is presented this week, are women whom to know is to esteem and honor. Lady Falconbridge adds to a fine dignified and genial presence a heart of gold, a charity wide as the ocean, and an unbounded love and devotion to her family, which already numbers a good many of the third generation.

Captain and Mrs. Harold Bickford have left for England on the way to South Africa. Their little daughters and son are staying in Toronto at the home of their grandparents, Colonel and Mrs. John I. Davidson.

Mr. Albert Nordheimer and his daughter asked some friends to dinner at the Hunt Club on Saturday, *pour dire adieu* to Miss Nordheimer, who has gone to England.

Mrs. J. Gordon Macdonald is leaving to-day for Smith's Falls to visit her sister, Mrs. Warden. She was hostess of a couple of bridge parties this week. Mrs. Macdonald and Miss Bessie Macdonald are still in Rome, and are doing much charitable work for the Messina sufferers. Mrs. Cecil Gibson and Miss Phyllis Moffatt are also in Rome, with Count Romola D'Ajauno, Miss Moffatt's stepfather.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Macdougall, of Huron street, have returned from Jamaica.

The marriage of Miss Effie M. Lawrence, daughter of Mr. J. Lawrence, of Winnipeg, and Mr. J. Herbert Tozeland, son of Rev. J. Tozeland, of Killarney, Man., is to take place early in April.

That artistic and delightful organization, "The Toronto String Quartette," gave their third and last concert this season to a splendid house on Tuesday evening. Owing to absence from town I was unable to attend this very tempting concert, but dozens of my friends are busy telling me what I missed. The assistance of Mr. Welsman was an added attraction, and the music was of the usual perfectly rendered quality.

The quaint and serious Ben Greet Company, with their fine orchestra, were at Massey Hall last week, and as usual delighted those scholarly and cultured people who usually make up their audiences. Many of the old favorites and some new ones presented the plays announced.

The very trying weather and several illnesses, with the saddening tale of two or three fatal terminations, interfered to some extent with the tea at the Canadian Art Club on Wednesday, when Mrs. Mavor and Mrs. Agar Adamson were hostesses, many who had planned to attend the exhibition that afternoon being obliged to remain at home. However, in spite of all these things, a pleasant company assembled and were much welcomed and nicely entertained. On Monday last, some of Mrs. Albert Austin's guests were Mrs. G. Allen Arthurs, Mr. Wheeldon, Miss Kerr and Mrs. Percival Parker. Mrs. T. E. Robertson entertained Mrs. Eaton, Mrs. Burnside, Mrs. Scott Raff among her guests, and Madame Rochereau had Baron Ferry and some other French friends, as well as Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mrs. Dignam, Mrs. Fisher, Mrs. Dickson, and others. The table was prettily decorated and everything most dainty.

In another paragraph, I inadvertently spoke of Mrs. Armstrong of the Priory as a widow, but after reflection, untortunately when too late to alter the wording of the paragraph, I realized the *faux pas* acutely. For Mr. William Armstrong is still the bright and handsome old gentleman, and still has, I hear, his art studio in Colborne street. For the mental lapse which made me dispose of him so curtly, I hope he will make allowance, as I was and am temporarily rather an invalid, and prone to err.

Dr. W. G. Ross has returned in good health from Bermuda, where he had a very pleasant visit, his homeward trip owing some of its enjoyment to the kind friendship of Messrs. Boultbee, two men who are the pleasantest of company as well as the kindest of friends.

Of the lecture last Saturday given on "Science and Superstition in the Sixteenth Century," by Professor Brett, B.A. (Oxon.), of Trinity College, there seemed but one opinion: that it was both interesting and instructive, a combination providing high intellectual gratification to the large audience intently following it. The usual hospitalities finished the afternoon, and another treat is in store this afternoon for those attending the Trinity course, when Professor Campbell M.A. (Oxon.), of Queen's University, is to lecture on "Rabelais."

Mrs. Crawford's reception in the Speaker's Apartments in the Parliament Buildings, last Wednesday was quite well attended though the awful state of the ice-clad streets and pavements was a menace to life and limb. Horses trembling with dread of losing their footing, drivers equally anxious about being able to pilot their fares to their destination without accident, and subdued squeaks and flushed faces at the coupe windows as the "fairs" heard the sprawling and slipping of the hoofs on the ice, was the condition of things while the reception guests got to and from the festive scene. However, they got there somehow, and found a welcome change from winter to summer at once. The balmy air of the steam coils was fragrant with the breath of spring, daffodils bloomed by hundreds, hyacinths shed heavy perfume, tulips lazily opened their huge pink petals, profuse bloom was everywhere, and as usual the reception room was a dream of floral beauty. Mrs. Crawford, who always prefers quiet but rich apparel wore a white satin gown, veiled in black, embroidered chiffon with the modish touch of jet. In the reception of the guests, Miss Crawford assisted her mother, and was daintily gowned in turquoise, with touches of white lace. A number of charmingly pretty girls were in charge of the buffet in the dining-room, where all the good things proper for afternoon tea was set, and where the color scheme was sweetly carried out in pink and white roses and lily of the valley. Soft strains from the violins in the hall mingled with the greetings and chatter of the guests, some of whom were the ladies of the Cabinet, and many of the members' wives, Mrs. and Miss Ritchie, Dr. and Mrs. Ryerson, Dr. Stowe Gullen, Mrs. Blewett, Mrs. Ferguson Burke, Mrs. Gilmore, and a large and gallant party of Cabinet Ministers and members. Miss Norah Whitney, Miss Pepall, Miss Keefer, Miss McPherson, Miss Johnson and the Misses Crawford were the girls in charge of the tea-room.

Mrs. Warner, who has been very much enjoying a visit to Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, by whose friends she has been very handsomely entertained, has returned to her home in Montreal.

Mrs. William G. Denison, nee McCormick, is down on a visit from Winnipeg, and is the guest of Mrs. Denison of Rusholme.

One of the debutantes of the past season Miss Gordon Mills of Glen Road has been making a long visit in Ottawa since the drawing-room, and has returned to Toronto, full of enthusiasm over winter sports and social doings at the Capital, where she has been very much entertained.

Mrs. George and Mr. Tom George have gone to New York. The clever young man, who is a musician always popular, is going to South America with a musical company of which he is appointed director.

A startling and sorrowful piece of news for her numerous friends in Toronto, London and Halifax, was that of the sudden death from diphtheria of Mrs. Carpenter, wife of Major Carpenter, 122 St. George Street. Mrs. Carpenter's illness was of so short duration, her friends loved her so well, and her family was so devoted, that her death has caused an amount of sorrow even greater than always greets the loss of a cherished friend, a beloved sister, a perfect wife and mother. Mrs. Carpenter was born Donagh, of London, Ontario, and one of five girls, four of whom have married very happily, and the fifth, Miss Lou Donagh, died a few years ago. Mrs. Jack Gilmour, the last of the group to marry, is residing in Toronto, as is Mrs. Patterson, her elder sister. Owing to the disease of which Mrs. Carpenter died, her remains were privately interred on Wednesday in Mount Pleasant instead of being taken to London. Mr. Carpenter, father of Major Carpenter and Mrs. Donagh, came to town on Tuesday too late to do more than join in the general grief and sympathy which have been with Major Carpenter and little Shirley, his daughter, who is with Mrs. Worthington in Willcocks street.

Miss Lillian Macdonald, of Goderich, who is the guest of Mrs. Nordheimer, of Glenedyth, has been the guest of honor at many social functions during the last two weeks. Mrs. Nordheimer gave in her honor a delightful dinner of twenty covers, when the table looked lovely with daffodils and tulle. Others who have entertained for this young visitor are Mesdames Cambie, Jukes-Johnson, Heaton, Cayley and Brough.

Mrs. Ruttan is visiting her mother, Mrs. Armstrong, at The Priory, the Armstrong residence in Esther street, and one of the very few of the old-time homes down town remaining. Since her widowhood, Mrs. Armstrong has had one or other of her daughters constantly with her—Mrs. Arkle, who makes her home here; Lady de Larpent, who has spent the winter here, and the third charming sister, who came down from Winnipeg the other day.

Mr. and Mrs. Newton McTavish, Macpherson avenue, are giving an evening next Wednesday in honor of a literary friend.

Mr. and Mrs. Norwich, of Parkdale, have gone to California, accompanied as far as Kansas City by their daughter-in-law.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS

WILLIAM J. LOCKE'S latest novel, "Septimus," is one of most agreeable novels of the year. It is not brilliant; it does not pretend to be. But it is more than mildly interesting as a story, and very meritorious as a piece of literary workmanship. Also, in effective and wholesome fashion, it points a moral. "Septimus" is the story of Zora Phillemist, a young English gentleman of a very fine type who dies of a colorless existence in a village "where faded lives are laid away in lavender," and who travels the world in search of real life. It is earnest in this quest, for we find her asking a butterfly American girl if she never goes below the surface of things. Then:

"If you dig down far enough into the mud," replied the damsel, "you come to water. If you bore down deep enough into life, you come to tears. My dear, I'm going to dance on the surface and have a good time as long as I can. And I guess you're doing the same."

"I suppose I am," said Zora; and she felt ashamed of herself.

Presently she is summoned home by Septimus, rather exaggerated type of the absent-minded, ultra-chivalrous, simple, lovable Englishman. And she returns to find that her little home village "had all the time been the centre of the realities that most deeply concerned her life." Almost to the end the reader is in doubt as to who Zora loves—whether it is Septimus or Clem Sypher, an oddly-conceived character, a patent medicine manufacturer. And to name the winner of her capacious heart would be to "spoil the story." "Septimus" is at every point much above the average of the season's fiction. It is published by Henry Frowde, Toronto.

* * *

"Old Jim Case of South Hollow," by Edward I. Rice (The Musson Book Company, Limited, Toronto, publishers), is a collection of incidents of village life rather than a story. Old Jim is the village oracle, and he is always in the foreground. His philosophy of life as expounded from a cracker box or a sugar barrel in Cal Hemmingway's general store is accepted without challenge in South Hollow. His humor, too, is considered unparalleled in those parts. The characters that usually figure in such stories—the village autocrat, the chief village gossip, the oldest inhabitant, the country drummer—are introduced. There is also the village beauty, and, of course, a good young man and a dissolute youth struggle for the privilege of seeing her home from church and sitting in the front room with her. The village miser is missing, no doubt he was forgotten. But the horse-trade as an incident has not been overlooked. Old Jim's philosophy and humor are not of the vivid "David Harum" sort, but his moods and observations are sufficiently life-like and typical to make the series of rural pictures, as the chapters may be termed, very entertaining to many people, especially those acquainted with country life.

* * *

The anniversary of the birth of Victor Hugo, recently celebrated, has released the usual fund of anecdote and reminiscence stored up in advance of such occasions. There still stands in the Rue de Dragon, Paris, the house in which Hugo occupied an attic, and in which it is claimed he existed while a youth on $140 a year for some time rather than break his vow to "live by literature." The place bears a suitable memorial inscription.

* * *

It seems to be the frequent penalty of genius that it is denied the privilege of perpetuating its name and kind beyond a few generations at most. Thus we are reminded by The London Standard that there is not now living a single descendant in the male line of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Cowley, Butler, Dryden, Pope, Cowper, Goldsmith, Byron, or Moore.

* * *

Considerable interest attaches to the recently-issued life story of Hall Caine, as told by himself. Mr. Caine is an important figure in literature, and his novels are considered very fine by a great number of people. But among the members of his own craft he is, to a large degree, scarcely tolerated. Those who like him like him well, but those who do not like him have absolutely no use, as the saying goes, for him or his works. The ill-temper of his non-admirers may perhaps be accounted for by the fact that so many pictures of the novelist have been published.

Mr. Caine forgets nothing in giving an anxious world his autobiography. He tells of all his principal experiences, struggles and friendships from his birth and boyhood in the Isle of Man down to the time he finds himself a London lion. His recollections of certain of his friendships are the most interesting features of the work. When he first went to London he lived with Rossetti, whom he refers as a delightful companion and an admirable *raconteur*.. He speaks of George Eliot as a woman with a "long, weird horsey face," and describes her as a good woman, modest, retiring, but amiable. He notes that Rossetti always manifested personal dislike for Carlyle.

* * *

An interesting volume recently issued is "The Life of James McNeill Whistler," by Mr. and Mrs. Pennell. In commenting on this work, in an article in The Forum, Arthur Hoeber regrets that the available letters written by the eccentric artist were not included, for he was as brilliant with his pen as with his tongue or his brush. Many a literary man and reviewer "got his bumps" from Whistler. As Mr. Hoeber says, his pen was very frequently dipped in gall, but it is a joy to read him with his very delightful, personal style. No one ever wrote quite like him. Hamerton—with whom he had many passes, always to the critic's great discomfiture—once, in reviewing his "Symphony in White," stupidly called attention to the fact that there were many other tints in the picture besides white. There was, he maintained, the reddish hair of the woman, for instance, her flesh color, a bit of blue ribbon and so on. Whistler responded: "*Bon Dieu*, did this wise person expect white hair and chalked faces? And does he then, in his astounding consequence, believe that a symphony in F contains no other note, but shall be a continued repetition of F F F F? . . . Fool." And, of course, the world is familiar with Whistler's studied insolence in his reply to a communication to The New York Tribune by Hamerton, who complained that Whistler refused to answer his letters. Whistler referred to the writer as "a Mr. Hamerton," which made Hamerton perfectly furious and so served Whistler's ends.

ARTHUR STRINGER

This new photograph of the well known Canadian writer was taken while on a recent trip to the tropics. It is reproduced by courtesy of Canada-West Magazine. Mr. Stringer is bringing out a new novel this spring.

* * *

William Winter, the dean of New York dramatic critics, contributes to The Saturday Evening Post some interesting personal recollections of Dickens and Wilkie Collins. The writer tells how his friendship with the former ripened when the great novelist was in America giving renderings from his works. Dickens, as most of us who know anything about him as a man as well as a novelist are aware, had a strong ambition at one time to become a great actor; and it was always one of his vanities to enjoy having his histrionic capabilities recognized and talked about. It has been observed that great men very often would prefer to be famous for their hobbies rather than for their achievements. Acting was Dickens's hobby. And Mr. Winter says that when he appeared on the platform he "made up" his face as actors do and used footlights and a colored screen as a background. In other words, he posed. To those of us who are his most devoted disciples, scorning the modern criticism that terms his writings melodramatic, there is something pathetic in the recollection. But "off the stage," Mr. Winter recalls him as a charming companion, his manner ingenuous, simplicity itself. When Dickens said good-bye to America, Mr. Winter and a number of others accompanied him on board his steamer. They shook hands all round, drank together, and then Mr. Winter seized the glass that Dickens had used and put it in his pocket, "mentioning Sir Walter Scott's appropriation of the glass of George IV. at the civic feast in Edinburgh long ago." The royal souvenir came to grief, for Sir Walter sat upon it and broke it, but Mr. Winter still has the Dickens glass.

Then the writer turns to Wilkie Collins and his acquaintanceship with him, and includes some letters from Collins, the reproduction of which in their entirety seems scarcely in the best of taste, for they are largely eulogistic of his (Winter's) early poems. Mr. Winter is warm in his defence of the individuality of Wilkie Collins, if it needs defence. He praises his work highly, especially the well-known wonderfully plotted novels, "The Woman in White" and "The Moonstone," which later, he tells us, was written while the author was suffering agonies from rheumatic gout. Mr. Winter, looking back over his long life, concludes that Wilkie Collins was, of all the men he ever met, the most delightful and lovable companion.

* * *

Here is a curious tale, from a London newspaper, of a play that Kipling made from "The Jungle Book" and that no actor-manager would undertake. H. H. Kay Cameron, a manager who has mounted several fairy plays for children, in 1899 suggested to Kipling that he should write a play suitable for youngsters, but Kipling regretted that engagements would not permit him to accept the commission. In the following year however, Kipling agreed to dramatize "The Jungle Book" for Mr. Cameron. "I was delighted with the play that Kipling had written," says Mr. Cameron, "and I felt sure that I should get somebody to try it. It turned out to be a beautiful bit of work, and he had written twelve new lyrics for it. They have never been published. I took the play to several managers, but they feared that the difficulties of performance would prove insurmountable. In the jungle scene I should have had the curious animals of the book wandering about in the moonlight, with their heads now and then appearing. I should have had fireflies flitting about. I should have had Oriental music from the orchestras, with a suggestion of tomtoms; and, above all, I should have had Oriental perfume in the house, for I believe that we are influenced through the nose as well as by the eyes and ears. Much to my regret, I could find no manager sanguine enough to undertake the piece. Every manager who read Kipling's play admired the poetic beauty of it."

* * *

George Philip Krapp, dealing with "Writing as a Fine Art," in The Forum for March, recalls Walter Pater's quotation of Flaubert, in which the latter expresses the belief that "there exists but one way of expressing one thing, one word to call it by, one adjective to qualify, one verb to animate it." Mr. Krapp thinks this theory will be of service to many writers, especially to beginners, but adds that "as a defensible philosophical statement, it has little foundation to rest upon," because language is a human invention with imperfections and inadequacies.

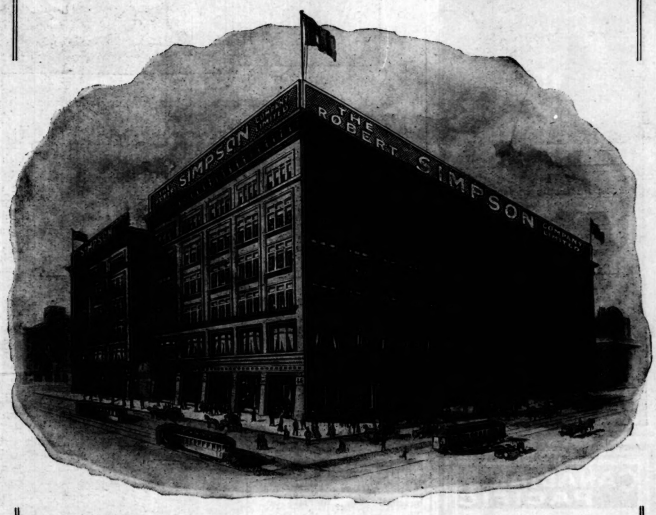
Such discussions of language, such logical, mechanical weighings and measurings of the art of writing no doubt arouse a certain amount of interest in certain student circles. They also lend dignity to the dignified publications in which they appear. But as a matter of fact they contribute very little toward making good writers and toward giving us more good writing. A man possessing quite a small vocabulary may become a very fine writer if he has the natural gift of writing. If he has not this natural gift—the taste, the judgment, the ear for rhythm and arrangement required—he may know all the words of a language and yet fail to accomplish any writing that is not stiff and ineffective.

HAL.

A Hindu, by name Saint Nihal Singh, writes in this strain to Canada-West Magazine:

Canada not only needs servants, but its growing industries and manifold railroad activities demand men of brains and brawn. The manner in which the Dominion is expanding industrially and the way railroad operations are being carried on in the country, have never before been equalled. Canada has produced captains of industry capable of launching and supervising these gigantic enterprises. The Dominion, however, lacks the rank and file laborer, who, under the impetus of the initiative of Canadian promoters, would develop the rich resources of the land.

Certain types of Hindus make splendid factory and railroad hands. These men could not but be desirable in Canada. Thousands of miles of railroad tracks have been laid in India during the last twenty years. East Indian laborers, experienced in railroad making, are bound to be of benefit to the Dominion. Similarly, many parts of Hindostan have been settled recently by the opening up of irrigation works, devised and executed by the Government; also vast tracks of land, formerly occupied by timber, have been rendered habitable. The East Indian wage-earner acquainted with this phase of work, would undoubtedly prove an invaluable acquisition to Canada.



On the Occasion of the Inauguration of Our Magnificent Second Floor

WORDS are cheap. Superlative adjectives mean little after all. We content ourselves to-day with making this announcement:

On Saturday the Second Floor of the enlarged store will be inaugurated by a series of attractions for which Toronto has offered no parallel to date.

In the last few days we have taken possession of the entire second floor of the new building. Boots and Shoes were established first. Then the beautiful millinery salon was opened out and joined to the new part. Now Dress Goods and Silks have taken up their new quarters. Unless you have seen some of the monarchal palaces in Europe or the very highest attainment of the kind in the bigger stores of the United States, we can give you no idea of our new Dress Goods department. You must come here and see it.

The Whitewear and Corset departments will occupy the quarters vacated by the Dress Goods and Silks departments, at Queen and Yonge streets, for the present, and there you will find them heartily assisting in the inauguration to-day—Saturday.

The whole immense floor has been laid with green Wilton carpet, the fixtures, shelves and counters are of mahogany, and the lighting is magnificent. Street fabrics have pure daylight in which to be seen. Evening wear and silks are judged best by the beautiful electric glow of the frosted globes.

Every department on the second floor holds a Sale of new goods to-day, in order to inaugurate this new palace of business and make the occasion one that will last in your memory.

Millinery,
Boots and Shoes,
Dress Goods and Silks,
Whitewear, Corsets and Knitted Blouses.

SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1909

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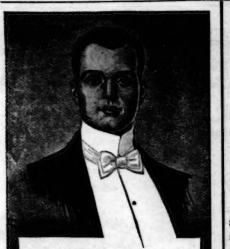
Mr. Gerhard Heintzman Will Put Up a Six-Storey Building in Queen Street.

Mr. Gerhard Heintzman, the well-known piano manufacturer, has bought a piece of land on the south side of Queen just east of the Bay street extension, paying about $100,000, and will put up a six-storey edifice with basement, built of solid brick, and fitted up with every modern appliance for the display and movement of pianos. The front will be mainly composed of plate glass, extending over the second storey and ensuring a perfect light for the window displays.

The structure will be devoted exclusively to pianos, with sound-proof rooms, decorated to chord with the distinctive styles of instruments turned out by the company. There will also be separate player-piano rooms, and every department will be complete in itself. The firm expects to be located in its new quarters in the early fall.

Mrs. Parvenu—Oh, yes—we can trace our ancestry back—to—to—well, I don't know, but we've been descending centuries.—London Opinion.



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TORONTO - - ONT.

LONG distance running is becoming more and more professionalized; and gradually the best amateur performers are entering the ranks of the wage-earners. Lately there have been stories published to the effect that Sherring will soon turn professional, and go after Shrubb, Longboat and some of the other long-distance men, but Sherring has denied them emphatically all along. A few days ago, however, he admitted that he is thinking seriously of renouncing the amateurs, and that he may be seen in action as a "pro." There is nothing absolutely certain about the matter, for Sherring has been contemplating sending his entry to the Olympic Marathon at Athens again next year, and, in order to compete he would be obliged to remain in the amateur ranks. But the lure of the coin may prove too much for him.

* * *

THE work of arranging for next season's baseball goes merrily on. The schedule of the Eastern League, after more than a day of discussion, was finally agreed upon last Saturday night for the eight teams which make up the league circuit. Aside from the fact that the season will open on April 14, and that the western group, which includes the teams in Montreal, Toronto, Rochester, and Buffalo, won in their fight to have the season begin outside their home grounds, little was learned of the programme. It was said that the western teams will play with Jersey City, Providence, Newark and Baltimore for two weeks or more before beginning the season on their home grounds.

* * *

IT is a fine record that the returned Canadian curlers can point to. Since they have come back they have been interviewed on all sides and have told all about the splendid sport and splendid times they had. But nothing could give a better idea of their achievements than the simple and matter-of-fact account of the Honorary Secretary:—"The team remained in Scotland until February 24th, and played during the interval a total of 26 matches, the results of which are summarized as follows:—Matches won, 23; shots up, 947. Matches lost, 3; shots down, 16. Majority of shots scored by Canadians, 931. As a result of the team's success in each of the three test matches against All Scotland (six rinks a side), the handsome cup donated by Lord Strathcona is now brought back by us to Canada, there to remain in our keeping until December 1st next, when it will have to be returned to the custody of the Royal Club. The record of the results obtained as skips by the individual members of the team makes it difficult to single out any one, but I feel it my duty, in the case of Simpson Rennie of Toronto, to mention that he has obtained the distinction of skipping nine matches without a loss."

* * *

THE interest in running seems to continue unabated. The next big event among the distance runners will be the meeting of Alfred Shrubb and Fred. Simpson, the Ojibway Thunderbolt, which will occur here on Saturday of next week. The men have been matched at twelve miles, and will run in the Armories, under the auspices of the Garrison Athletic Association. Shrubb was for five years in the 2nd Sussex Volunteers, and so figures as a military man. The Indian was anxious for a longer distance, and he may get that later. He does not fear the Englishman at the distance agreed on, and his performance recently in the Riverdale Arena makes him a dangerous opponent for any man at ten miles or over. In fact this match brings together two runners who are now most prominent in the public eye. Tom Longboat has retired to the obscurity of a wigwam at Preston Springs, and is just now out of consideration by the public. If he does not come out soon his opportunity may be gone, for public favor is fickle.

* * *

AFTER the game in which Harvard defeated Dartmouth, 1-0, and thereby won the championship of the inter-collegiate hockey league the Yale Daily News said: "We heartily congratulate this team, which by its true merit has won this position."

The Harvard Crimson said: "We have nothing but praise for the university hockey team, their coach and trainer. It is no small feat to win two important games in three days, the loss of either of which would have meant the loss of the championship; but the team proved equal to the emergency and came off victorious. Hockey has now become almost as important as the four major sports and for that reason it is particularly pleasant to have the winning seven at Harvard. The growth of interest in the game leads us to hope that before long an indoor rink in this vicinity will obviate the necessity of playing the inter-collegiate contests at New York."

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER
On the links of the Country Club, Augusta.

* * *

EVIDENTLY England is waking up to the fact that the rules which govern rowing at Henley should be revised. In a recent issue, the London Daily Express takes up the matter and concludes a long article as follows:

Amateurs who complain that interest in Henley is falling off will find that they will gain far more than they will lose in throwing the highest honors which can be gained on the river open to any British oarsman who likes to compete for them.

There are some strange lines in the table of rules of the Amateur Rowing Association. They run: Nobody shall be considered an amateur oarsman, sculler or coxswain—

1. Who has ever rowed or steered in any race for a stake, money or entrance fee.

2. Who has ever knowingly rowed or steered with or against a professional for any prize.

3. Who has ever taught, pursued or assisted in the practice of athletic exercises of any kind for profit.

4. Who has ever been employed in or about boats or in manual labor for money or wages.

5. Who is or has been by trade or employment for wages a mechanic, artisan or laborer, or engaged in any menial labor or duty.

6. Who is disqualified as an amateur in any other branch of sport.

Nobody, from the amateur point of view, would take exception to the first three rules or the last. Rowing has always claimed, with pure Rugby football, to be absolutely free from what its adherents call "the taint of professionalism," and while that ideal is held these rules are necessary. But what justification there can possibly be for the fifth rule and the last clause of the fourth it is difficult to divine.

* * *

CONCERNING golf-clubs, J. H. Taylor, in the Evening Standard, London, gives some sound advice as to the stiff or supple shaft. According to the Mid-Surrey professional, as is the swing, so the shaft and lie of the club head. Golfing, London, which refers to the Evening Standard article, says:—

There are many sides to the club question—too many sides for most players. Taylor, than whom we want no greater authority, has been giving his views in the Evening Standard. He himself prefers stiff shafts and lays it down that the player with a quick swing and a good deal of strength in his wrists will generally do best with them, as the hands would get opposite the ball before the head of the club if the shaft were supple, and so a slide would be likely to ensue.

For a slow swing, however, a little spring in the shaft will be a positive help. As to weight, it is generally safe to keep on the light side.

Long clubs tend to make the player unsteady. The longer the club the further the player has to stand from the ball, and this does not help accurate driving.

The same applies to the lie of the club; it is better to learn to play with an upright club than a flat one, as the upright club keeps one nearer to the ball, which is an advantage. But either of these things can be carried to extremes, with results anything but beneficial.

Up to a certain point a short upright club is an advantage, but to suppose that because of this a putter would make a good driver would be ridiculous.

The beginner should avoid choosing a club with a thick grip (a tendency which beginners usually have), as with a thick grip the club fits too comfortably into the palm of the hand, while the thin grip is difficult to hold except in the fingers, where it belongs.

Taylor personally prefers a socket to a scare club, as it is neater, generally better balanced, stronger, and brings the spring of the shaft nearer to the head.

The eight clubs which he advises the average player to carry are driver, brassie, cleek, driving mashie or iron, mid-iron, mashie, niblick and putter.

* * *

A MEMBER of the Grand National Curling Club, says the Vancouver Province, tells a good story about a laird of Lanarkshire who was an exceptionally keen curler. He was a wealthy man, too, with plenty of time to indulge in his hobby. One day he took part in a game and one of his side was Jock Lawrence, his chief steward, and a handsome man in the bargain. There developed a very critical shot, which the laird was anxious to have played a certain way.

It was Jock's turn, and as he stepped up to the hack, the laird, laying his broom on the spot where he wanted the stone, said: "Play the broom, Jock, an' if ye lay yer stane doon there I'll gie ye me dachter Jean." Bang went Jock's stone on the ice and it rattled along and stopped exactly on the spot where the laird pointed. "Jock, ye're a graun' mon, an' yi caun have Jean tomorrow if yi want her." "Aweel, ye maun gie me somethin' else than Jean, for I ha'e her already."

"We were married six weeks agone at the kirk." For a few seconds the laird was dumfounded, but when he recovered himself, said: "Weel, Jock, a man who cud play a stane like that is worthy of the bonniest lass in Lanarkshire; keep her an' welcome, an' ye'll get five hundred pounds wi her an' if yi have any laddie weans atween yi bring 'em oop in the fear of God an' a knowledge o' curling."

* * *

IT does not always follow that the best two-year-old comes out a Derby winner, a glaring instance being the race of last year. August Belmont's Norman III, looked good for first money, especially after he won the Two Thousand Guineas, and other likely animals were White Eagle, the best two-year-old of 1907, and Primer. Still away behind out of the ruck came the filly Signorinetta, only an ordinary plater as a two-year-old, and yet she won the Derby and Oaks in the most decisive style. In summing up the situation an expert says in The Field: "The past history of the turf has proved that occasionally wonderful improvement is made from two to three years of age, but after all in about two years out of three the best two-year-olds of one year are the best three-year-olds of the next, and in recent years one may mention Cicero, Rock Sand, Ard Patrick, Diamond Jubilee, Flying Fox, Galtee More, Persimmon and Ladas, who finished their first season at the top of the tree and won the Derby the following year.

PLAYFAIR.

"How old is Belle?" "Twenty-four her last six birthdays."—The Gossip.

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"Yes sir. And smokers appreciate it. Of course, a man does not buy Meerschaum simply because it is cut plug.
But when you get a cool, sweet smoke
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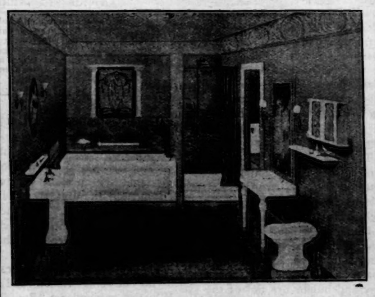

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O'Keefe's "Gold Label" Ale

"The Beer that is always O.K."

81

"Tronco Port"

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AGENTS--MESSRS GEO. J. FOY, Ltd., TORONTO

SNOWBOUND

BY DONALD DUROSS

"ROCKET" swore—long, black, mellifluous, soul-satisfying this, such as were called for by his dicament. He swore, not in fury at a man or any living thing that ld be frightened by it, but re- ively and resignedly as in the face an insuperable elemental obstacle. t was the use? They were snow- d—that's all. Nine miles north Three Rivers on a dinky little ch of the Canadian Pacific, re there wasn't a chance in a ion of a plow coming to them for couple of days, they were stalled, ied up, and the blizzard was whoop- g it up worse than ever. They had en there from a little after nine that morning, and it was now four in the afternoon, and the prospect was more dismal than ever. The snow was deeper; the wind was stronger, and the car seemed to be getting colder every minute. Therefore "Rocket" swore, as he had been swearing almost any time during the last six or seven hours.

It is only proper to explain that the name "Rocket" was entirely apocryphal, as applied to Mr. Arthur J. Harlan, and was given by admiring friends, partly in subtle allusion to a very red and far-flashing head of hair, and partly on account of a sudden and explosive way he had of tearing through obstacles when occasion required. To complete the picture, he had a square face and slightly bowed legs, could hit with either hand, and fought at about one hundred and eighty pounds. Also he was a commercial traveller, not a pugilist.

Tired of trying to gaze at a whirling chaos through the snow-laden windows, he again turned his attention to the interior of the coach, the only one on the train, and its other denizens. They were in much the same old position. Down in the far end was the same group of half a dozen men clad in fur coats and the fumes of shag tobacco, through which came frequent gusts of Homeric mirth. Two or three other men sat here and there in the car moping. And just across the aisle from Harlan sat the one woman of the company, a pretty French-Canadian girl in a handsome mink coat, over the collar of which she looked out in weary impatience on the snowbound world. During the last hour or so her eyes and Rocket's met rather often, but so far he hadn't been able to summon up courage enough to speak to her. He was naturally a bit shy that way, and besides he had seen her give a very chilly greeting to a couple of the other men—French-men, too—who had tried to come and talk consolation to her.

Suddenly the group of hilarious lumber-jacks and farmers down in the end of the car began to sing. It was one of those fine swinging old shanty-songs, with lots of chorus, and Rocket—who hardly knew a syllable of French—was beating time to it, when he happened to glance over at the girl. She was white and red by turns and was nervously wringing her hands in her lap, while her lips trembled pitifully. For a moment he did not realize what was the matter, and he looked in amazement from her to the group at the end of the car. Then he noticed two or three of them looking up towards her in amused expectation while they sang at the top of their voices. He made a shrewd guess. Slipping out of his overcoat he stepped over to her.

"Excuse me, mademoiselle," he said, "I don't understand French—but is there anything in that song you object to?"

She glanced up at him for an instant, and flushing crimson nodded her head. He immediately turned and started down the car. But the girl ran after him and grasped his sleeve.

"No, no, monsieur," she gasped, don' go—don' go! They are several and you are only one. It ees too much. Also I will not listen to the—the *canaille!*"

Harlan led her back to her place. He was polite, even dignified; he nearly always was when he started out for trouble.

"That's all right, *ma'mselle,*" he assured her, "that's all right. But I don't believe I like that tune myself."

As he came down the aisle towards the singers most of them stopped, either because they had seen his action with the girl, or because there was something about that square face of his which did not incline one to melodious warblings. Two didn't. One was a huge fat hulk of a man, who stood in the aisle with his back towards Rocket. The other was a small, wiry, impudent fellow sitting at the end of one of the seats facing him just beyond the fat man, whom he probably regarded as sufficient bulwark. But Rocket was in dangerous humor. He didn't know French so he talked the sign language. When about five or six yards from the fat one he made a sudden rush, tackling somewhat low as in football. He caught that obese person as a goat would catch a feather bed, lifted him from the ground, and hurled him in all his jellyfish bulk right on top of the little man, who simply disappeared from sight. The fat man's tenor voice reached High C in a frenzied yell, and then the music gave way to hoarse gruntings and smothered oaths as the little man dug himself out. It was well he did poke his head out from somewhere or other under the fat man's vest, for if he hadn't done so there might have been a fight and Rocket would probably have got hurt. They are strong men these lumberjacks, not easily frightened or hurt. And they started to glare with hostile intent at Rocket, while one even made a grab for him, which he knocked aside. But just then the little man's head came out with his cap crushed down over his eyes, while he spat out elaborate French curses like a geyser. He was so funny that everyone roared out laughing. Even Rocket smiled grimly. Then he took advantage of it.

"See here, friends," he said, "I'm not looking for any trouble. This is no time to start a row. But there is a lady up there in the end of the car, and no one should try to make things worse for her by singing songs that are not fit for her to hear. If anyone does—why there's going to be something doing right away."

They understood his meaning all right and growled out their agreement. The fat man and the small man had by this time got to their feet breathing dire vengeance, but that's all the satisfaction they got. They were hustled into their seats and told they had been given what they deserved. Just then the conductor came along and stood gaping at the wreckage.

"When are we going to have that plow?" asked Harlan, as a tactful change of subject.

The conductor shrugged his shoulders.

"Do you think they'll dig us out to-night?"

Another shrug. Then Harlan exploded.

"See here, why the devil don't you say something instead of giving that kind of answer? Don't you know anything at all about it?"

"All right then, if you're in such a hurry to know about it I'll tell you," said the conductor viciously. "You won't get a plow here to-night and probably not to-morrow either. You are out here in the open country, and there isn't a place nearer than Radnor Forges, and that's a mile and a half away, and no one but a fool would try to make it. So there you are. Now you know, and you can do as you please about it."

The conductor had walked down the aisle with Harlan after him as he talked, and all this information was given in hearing of the girl. She sprang to her feet with a little scream of consternation.

"What!" she said to the conductor in French, "we won't get away to-night or to-morrow! And I must stay here with all these men! Oh, mon Dieu, I cannot, I cannot. And my family will go crazy. I must get away. I must get away so that I can let them know." And she sank back into the seat sobbing.

The conductor started to mumble clumsy consolation.

"You will be perfectly safe here, *ma'mselle,* we will do all we can to make you comfortable. It's the only thing you can do. Radnor Forges is a mile and a half away. You could never reach it in this storm."

"Radnor Forges!" she cried. "oh, my uncle lives there. I would be all right then. I will go to him and he will telephone to Three Rivers."

"But, mon Dieu, *ma'mselle,* you surely—it would be madness—you don't think of trying to go there!"

But it was no use warning her or entreating her or anything else. She had made up her mind, and she was going if she had to go alone. She at once started in to make ready for the trip.

Rocket saw that she was bound to go, and he made a quick decision.

"I was thinking of going myself," he said, "and if you will permit me, *ma'mselle,* I will accompany you."

Rocket had a trustworthy face, and then, had she not seen proof of his strength and courage, too? She was effusively grateful. In a few moments they set out, disregarding the warnings and evident fears of the other passengers. The conductor had reluctantly told them that their road lay along a short branch of the railroad running due east to the village, and it seemed to Rocket that they ought to be able to follow that.

But it certainly was a frightful storm. They stepped out onto the platform of the car, and as they did so the whole white earth seemed to rise up at them and smite them. Blinded and half suffocated Rocket stumbled down the steps and caught the girl in his arms as she followed after. She gave a little scream.

"It is not too late to go back," he warned her. "if you think you can't go through it. It will be hard work, and you mustn't overtax your strength."

"No, no, no, monsieur, go on—go on! I will follow you."

He turned then and started the long fight against the cruel wind that came howling out of the north-east and whipped the world into a white chaos of flying ice-particles. They had almost to go dead against it, for their road lay due east. The wind took their breath away and the driving ice flayed their faces, but with head bent down Rocket slowly bored into it and the girl followed close behind.

Fortunately for them the first hundred yards was somewhat less difficult, and they were able to cut a better figure in the eyes of the keenly interested spectators in the car windows. There was a small spruce wood near the main line, and this broke the wind somewhat, as well as preventing the drifts piling up so high. But the snow lay more than knee deep, and Rocket felt his heart thumping like a trip-hammer as he floundered through it. For the girl it was much easier, as he broke the trail, but even so it was terrible work. But she stuck to it bravely, so long as they could be seen from the car. There was a slight bend in the track, however, and they were soon hidden from the train. Here she caught Rocket's arm.

"Oh, excuse me, monsieur," she panted, "—just one little moment, if you please—I am not much accustom' —and I am feel suffocate'."

He stood between her and the wind, and in a minute she told him she was ready to go on. They went slower now, for they were feeling the full force of the gale and the drifts were growing deeper. This is where it began to tell on Harlan. He had not only to break a way through, but he had also to take her hand and drag her after him. It was heart-breaking work. Only a man of his strength and athletic training could have stood it, and even he had to rest every few minutes. And all the time the wind whipped them and stung them with its myriad lashes.

They were out in the open now, where the gale had a chance and the huge drifts it built seemed like the fantastic creations of some drunken god. They were of every shape and size, and as one looked at them their form was dissolved in a blinding cloud and new drifts took their place. They danced about like the grotesque characters of some hideous vision, and one grew dizzy and sick at the view.

Drift after drift they plunged at and laboriously broke through. Rocket had to flounder through on all fours like a huge dog, and then he would reach back and pull her after him. She did all she could to help, but what is a girl in the grip of such a storm as that? Their progress grew slower and slower, and the rests between efforts became longer and more frequent. Finally they came to sit down on the lee of each drift before tackling it. But they kept at the work with dogged perseverance.

As for their road, it seemed to be an instinct more than anything else which held them to it. They could not see with any distinctness more than a few yards on either side, but Rocket felt the road rather than saw it. Besides the wind would whip a bit of track bare every now and then, and let him know with certainty where he was.

In the beginning of the tramp he spoke to the girl every few minutes and encouraged her, and she always answered bravely and brightly. But as the time passed they grew more and more silent and concentrated, until at last they pushed on in dogged silence. He helped her with the same care, but it became almost mechanical with him, and he felt himself growing numbed. All kinds of foolish fancies began to come over him then. He started to count the drifts and even to see grotesque faces and figures in their outlines. Once or twice he caught himself on the point of laughing aloud. But one idea kept coming back to him again and again.

"How long will she hold out?" he would mutter. "My God, how long can she hold out?"

It began to grow evident that she could not hold out very much longer. He could not see her face, but he could hear her gasping breath, and he noted with what difficulty she dragged her limbs. Finally as he pulled her through a big drift by sheer brute force, she threw herself down in the snow in a fit of breathless sobbing which shook her whole body. He picked her up and carried her to the leeside of a snowbank, and tried to encourage her. But his own mouth and throat were so dry and parched from his exertions that he could hardly talk.

"Leave me, monsieur—leave me here," she gasped. "I will be all right—until you can send some people—from the village. I cannot—go any more."

"Oh, it's not so bad as that," he heard himself say in a strange husky voice he hardly knew for his own. "It's not so bad as that. A little rest and you'll be able to go a little further. There is no hurry."

But she shook her head.

"I cannot move, monsieur—I am sorry—so ver' sorry—to make you all this trouble—please, excuse me." She looked up at him so pleadingly and with her face so near to his that he

(*Concluded on page* 19.)

"PARIS AT EATONS"

The mere announcement of our Spring Opening in Ladies' Suits is by no means sufficient to convey an adequate conception of the important event which is to take place in the "Cloak and Suit Salon," on Monday, March 15th, and following days.

Transformation of the Cloak and Suit Salon. In the first place, our Showrooms have been entirely remodelled, and decorated in the most sumptuous manner. A unique feature is the representation of a "Paris Boulevard"; so complete in every detail as to bring vivid recollections of the "Paris across the Sea," to all who have ever been there. Commencing with a huge arch, this avenue will extend the entire length of the Salon, presenting reproductions of scenes familiar on the famous thoroughfares of the French Capital. The entire Showrooms, moreover—with their beautiful electric light effects and handsome, flower-bedecked arches—will present a gala appearance and an atmosphere redolent of "joyous Spring."

Up-to-date Methods of Display. The new suits will be shown in a manner entirely in keeping with their high quality. Dust-proof cabinets have been built, to contain the immense assortment; while in the Show Room itself will be found a bewilderingly beautiful array of the new garments—each one displayed on a figure, the better to show its graceful lines and novel trimming. Comfortable chairs will be provided, so that our patrons may sit and admire to their hearts' content.

An Array of Costumes, Dresses, Coats, Skirts, Spring Suits that will make Toronto marvel. As for the garments themselves—we need scarcely say more than that (in keeping with the spirit of progress so strikingly in evidence throughout the big Store this Spring) no effort has been spared to outdo our own former successes. At great expense we have brought from London, Paris, Berlin and New York, the best that these great style-centres have to offer. Exclusiveness is the keynote of the entire display, and the garments you will see here, next week, embody all the new features of those being worn in the world's fashion centres at the present time. And yet each suit has its own striking individuality.

But you must come and see for yourself. Words are but poor things to describe such beauty as will be spread before your eyes next week in the Cloak and Suit Department.

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TORONTO CANADA

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FREDERICK PAUL, Editor.

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!?. POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE. .?!

An Election Incident.

IT will be remembered that a few years ago Mr. John Shaw, a member of the Ontario Legislature for North Toronto, was a candidate for the Mayoralty of the city of Toronto. After his candidacy was announced he met an old Irish woman who had known him since the days when he was a councillor in the old village of Yorkville. She stopped him and asked:

"Is it true that ye are runnin' for Mayor, Misther Shaw?"

"Indeed I am," was his reply.

"Well, good luck to ye!" said the old lady, and taking a rosary from her pocket she said: "Now, just carry these until the campaign is over and they'll bring you luck."

"But you know I'm an Orangeman," laughed the then alderman.

"'Tis no matter," declared the old woman, "put them beads in your vest pocket and they'll bring you luck, as I said."

Mr. Shaw did so, and a week or so later was canvassing in the east end of the city, where he was not so well known. He called at the house of another old Irish woman, three of whose sons had votes. None of the men were at home, but the mother said that she thought they were going to vote for his opponent. The candidate, after a few polite words, said he must be going and pulled out his watch to get the time. Accidentally the beads dropped from his pocket, and the old lady saw them.

"Oh!" she exclaimed in amaze, "I didn't know you were one of our own, Mr. Shaw."

"Well, I'm Irish, anyway," he replied with a touch of the brogue.

"I'll see to it that the bhoys vote for you," promised the mother.

When the votes were counted Mr. Shaw was found to be elected, and next day he met the old woman who had given him the rosary and told of the incident related. "I tould ye it would bring ye luck," was her comment.

The Mendelssohn Choir's Chicago Triumph.

INTEREST in the achievements of the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto is no longer local or provincial; and the triumph of Dr. A. S. Vogt and his pre-eminent chorus at Chicago last week greatly stimulated universal interest in the organization. Previous to the New York trip of two years ago the musical people of Toronto and of Canada recognized that the Mendelssohn Choir had developed into a chorus capable of producing effects in choral singing that were extraordinary and unrivaled in this country. The Choir had won high praise and aroused great enthusiasm in Buffalo, and occasionally a critic who had heard the world's best choruses would come along, express sheer astonishment at the work of the Mendelssohn Choir and pronounce it the finest body of singers in the world. But these expressions were taken here with more than the proverbial pinch of salt. And when the New York pilgrimage was first considered, it was thought by a good many people that Dr. Vogt would meet his Waterloo. Memories were recalled of certain ambitious local stock experts who had gone over to "break Wall Street"; and of others in various professions who, with their "heads turned" by local success, had sought to set the world on fire, with disastrous results. Neither the Mendelssohn Choir nor its leader was accused of being over-ambitious, but it was feared that the excellence of the chorus was of a provincial rather than a cosmic standard. But we all know what happened in New York. The critics who went resolved to be indulgent remained to cheer, unreservedly and enthusiastically. But there were still the English choirs—the great exponents of choral singing! Then Dr. Coward's famous Sheffield singers came to Canada, and, according to their own words, sang their best. We know what happened then, too, and it is not necessary to recall in detail the added prestige that the Mendelssohn Choir was given as a consequence.

Last week Dr. Vogt's singers went to Chicago, and achieved still another triumph. It may not be generally understood why the Choir considered their success there as being extraordinarily significant after the New York success and after other and still more gratifying proofs of success arising from opportunities of comparison with the best choral singing of the old land. The reason is this: Chicago is a great musical centre—the home of the finest orchestra in America, if not in the world, and of the finest chorus in the United States. The Mendelssohn Choir went to Chicago at the generous and neighborly invitation of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra, and the members and patrons of the Apollo Musical Club, the noted Chicago chorus, were on hand in full force to make comparisons. The result of these comparisons all who read the daily newspapers are acquainted with. At the three concerts given, and from which many were turned away unable to gain admission, the audiences did not applaud like Toronto people, but got to their feet and cheered and waved hats and handkerchiefs. They had never heard anything like it. All the critics were enthusiastic in praise of what they termed a revelation in choral singing. These laudatory reviews have been published, and the substance of their expressions of delighted surprise is to be found in this extract from The Record-Herald's appreciation, written by Eric Delamater:

"The Mendelssohn Choir abundantly justified every laudatory opinion expressed by musicians of all calibres and persuasions. It is a unique organization under the uncanny direction of a man who knows his art to the smallest finesses. As one musician of world-wide reputation said this evening, 'I have heard the best choirs of Europe and America, and I have never heard anything that equaled this work to-night.'"

The New Members are Making Good.

OLD Parliamentarians tell us that the new House of Commons is a distinct improvement upon its immediate predecessors. Not only has the West sent a body of men who are of high intellectual calibre as well as of great physical strength, but the new men from Ontario are a decided advance upon those who preceded them. But while this is so, some of the new men show a disposition to "butt in" on important discussions with a frequency which is not pleasing to the "Old Guard," and they do whisper that there have been heart-to-heart talks in the Conservative caucuses, in which men like Dr. Sproule and David Henderson have protested against the habit of the new men in expressing their views, and that the newcomers have retorted that they did not choose to come to Ottawa to have their mouths padlocked, and that if the "Old Guard" did not like it they could do the other thing.

On the other hand, the new Liberal members have kept themselves better under control in the House, but if gossip be true they have not been silent in caucus, and have emphatically told the old-timers on their side that there must be a change of fiscal policy in the direction of either an increase of the British preference or a general lowering of the tariff all round.

The budget debate is expected to give an opportunity for the frank discussion of the low tariff views of the West, and it would not be surprising to find that some of the Western Conservatives will go as far as their Liberal friends in urging progress towards freer trade.

He was Somewhat of a Politician.

THEY are telling a good story at Ottawa apropos of the return to the House of Commons of Hon. William Templeman, Minister of Inland Revenue and of Mines, who having been defeated in Victoria, B.C., on October 26 last, was compelled to take refuge in Comox-Atlin. It seems that some time last summer, just before the close of the long session, a gentleman, who was then a private citizen, but is now a member of the House, blew into Ottawa one morning on "departmental business," that description of errands to the Capital which covers a multitude of excuses. Among other departments he visited was that of the Inland Revenue, and in course of time he was admitted to the august presence of the Minister, who, having heard the request, whatever it may have been, turned to his visitor and said:

"Are you anything of a politician, sir?"

The stranger modestly replied that he thought he was, but as he did not give an inkling of the fact that he was the prospective candidate of the Liberal party, the Minister said: "Well, sir, I think that before I can give assent to this proposition of yours you had better have it endorsed by the executive of your county."

And the stranger departed in a high state of dudgeon. But he had his revenge a few months later, when on election night he sat down in his home town and penned a despatch to Mr. Templeman something like:

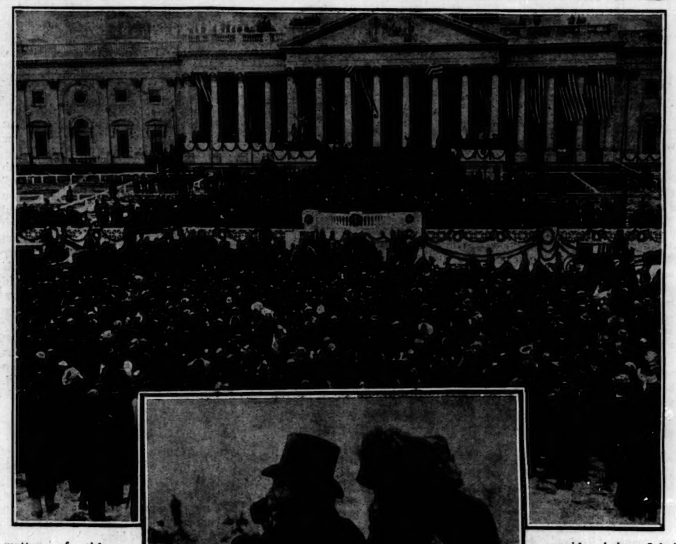
"I may not be much of a politician, but I defeated my man. What about you?"

The name of the sender of this magnificent piece of repartee is kept secret at his own request, but he was one of the band of Liberals who defeated a Tory stalwart in Western Ontario.

Politicians and Their Tricks.

APPEALS to creed prejudices of a humorous character form a large part in every Canadian election. Particularly was this the case in 1896 when the issues were extremely complicated. It will be remembered that the outcome was the return of a French Roman Catholic Premier elected largely by ultra Protestant votes over a Protestant Prime Minister, who was offering a measure of remedial legislation. Despite the great bitterness of the fight, there were genuinely ludicrous episodes.

For instance, in the riding of Prescott, the electors, though very largely French, were inclined to stand by the Tory party against one of their own race because the clergy were strong Tupper men. This was not the case in Quebec, where the populace were dissatisfied in the matter of tithes, but Prescott is an Ontario riding where the clergy have not the same legal powers. The Liberals were bound to have the riding, and one of the French organizers struck upon a happy scheme. The chief organizer at that time was Mr. Alexander Smith, who, when clean shaven, bears a strong resemblance to the accepted type of Roman Catholic clergyman. He was asked to come to a point in Prescott where a large meeting of French-Canadians was to be held. When he got there he was instructed to come upon the platform and simply to obey instructions. These were that he should sit with his collar turned up, and whenever appealed to by the chief speaker to merely nod his head in acquiescence whenever appealed to.



INAUGURATION OF WILLIAM H. TAFT AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

The upper picture was taken at the moment when President Taft stepped to the foreground. He is being cheered by the mass of people who are standing in the snow in front of the Capitol. The lower picture shows President and Mrs. Taft in their carriage on their way to the inauguration ceremonies.

Mr. Smith carried out instructions, and after the meeting was over asked what the rigmarole meant.

"Why, I told them that you were an English-speaking priest from Toronto who approved of Laurier's policy entirely, but did not know much French. At the proper moment I would appeal to you, and I must say your acting was fine."

Touching Theological Candidates.

IN the recently published memoirs of Hon. Lionel Tollemache, it is recorded of the late Bishop Whately that on one occasion a candidate for holy orders came to him for examination. The bishop said, "I am a Jew; convert me." When the candidate had tried his logical powers and been beaten by the great master of logic, he was dismissed with the words, "Come to me to-morrow; I shall be a Mohametan."

This anecdote recalls a somewhat similar mode of examination used by the eminent clergyman, Dean Harris.

On one occasion a young Irish novice, who had almost completed his preparation in Ireland, came to Canada desirous of entering the priesthood and was sent to the Dean, then stationed at Newmarket, for final tutoring ere he received orders. It chanced that an old friend of the Dean's, a Toronto lawyer who, though well up on all questions of theology and doctrine, was notoriously a scoffer, visited Newmarket on legal business. Meeting him the Dean said, "You're the very man I want," and invited him to supper, instructing him that afterward he was to start an argument, taking the strongest agnostic ground. Instructions were followed, and the Dean sat back leaving the business of apologetics to the novice.

The young Irishman did very well. A week or so later the Dean was in to see the lawyer and thanked him, saying he was satisfied with the pupil's defence of the Faith.

"But," he added, "the young fellow was terribly shocked that I should harbor under my roof such a blasphemer."

"Well, what did you tell him?" asked the lawyer.

"Oh, I just told him that you were a little touched in the head," said the Dean.

How R. J. Avoided a Touch.

WHEN it comes to a question of tact in treating a would-be "toucher," R. J. Fleming has all other diplomats and jolliers beaten a long way.

It was when R. J. was Mayor of Toronto that he was at the height of his popularity. Many were the callers at the City Hall who claimed either friendship or acquaintance with him, and most of them wanted some favor. Some, of course, wanted to make a touch, and as Mr. Fleming was not then quite as prosperous as he has since become, he decided that he could not lend all these friends all the money they wanted. So he hit on an ingenious plan.

Suppose John Smith, old friend, came in. The Mayor would shake John's hand with his right and pat John's shoulder with left, greeting him most effusively. "Well, John, what can I do for you to-day?" he would ask.

John would murmur a request for the loan of $5.

"Good," would be the Mayor's answer. "Come back here to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock. The $5 I keep for lending purposes is out just now, but is due to be returned at nine to-morrow. If it comes in then you'll be welcome to it, my friend."

What could John do but slip sheepishly out, and of course he could not summon up sufficient nerve to call next morning at nine.

Mr. Barnard's Mistake.

MR. G. H. BARNARD, the Conservative who defeated Hon. William Templeman in Victoria, B.C., told a good story on himself in the House of Commons the other night. When the estimates were brought down he noticed that they contained a vote of $150,000 for Victoria harbor, and to use his own words: "In the innocency of my guileless youth, and being unaccustomed to the wiles of political life I jumped to the conclusion that the vote was for Victoria, B.C., and on the strength of that assumption wired out forthwith to Victoria to inform the Inner Harbor Association that there was a vote of $150,000 for that harbor."

It was only a few days later that he learned that the vote was really for Victoria harbor on the Georgian Bay. Then when the matter was discussed in the House he had the audacity to ask that the Government should persuade the Canadian Pacific Railway Company to change the name of their Georgian Bay port in order that it might not be confused with the port on the Pacific Ocean. His reply came promptly from a fellow Conservative, who sits near him (William Wright, of Muskoka) that Victoria harbor was one of the places of call of Samuel Champlain, and that it "was one of the oldest places in Canada, certainly much older than Victoria, B.C."

Another Ibsen Story.

A WEEK or so ago readers of this department learned something of the peculiarities of Ibsen. This is an absolutely true tale also. A few years ago a young Dane of good family came to Canada to make his career, and stayed for a while in Toronto. A newspaper man who knew him and was much interested in the great dramatist asked him whether he had ever seen Ibsen, who, it will be remembered, lived for some years in Copenhagen.

"Oh, yes," he said, "when I was a boy he frequently visited my father's home at Aalborg."

"What was he like?" asked the Ibsenite.

"Well, what I chiefly remember about him," said the Dane, "is that he liked to tell very prosy stories after dinner, and used to get very angry if we didn't laugh at them."

THE SABBATH (Made in Canada)

Mr. Newly Cum (fresh from 'ome): Well, so 'elp me, but this is rough. There ain't no bloomin' word fer it. Nothin' to do and no place ter go.

THE CANADIAN ART CLUB'S SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION

HOMER WATSON.—Pioneers Crossing the River.

HORATIO WALKER.—Ploughing—The First Gleam.

J. W. MORRICE.—The Quai, Paris.
(Purchased by the Dominion Government.)

JOHN RUSSELL.—Mother and Son.

THE second annual exhibition of the Canadian Art Club has now been in progress for almost two weeks, and Toronto art-lovers have had ample opportunity of enjoying the fine display of pictures given there. Nor have they neglected to take advantage of it. The attendance throughout has been very satisfactory, and great interest has been shown in the exhibits. And this interest is certainly no more than is deserved. Among the pictures displayed are many of high merit, and several of very unusual excellence. The most striking canvas of all is probably the large picture by Horatio Walker, "Ploughing—the First Gleam." It is an impressive and virile composition, full of splendid life and color, and is easily the most conspicuous among the exhibits. Another canvas by this painter which has attracted much attention on account of its clever handling is the picture of the boy feeding pigs. James Wilson Morrice has contributed a number of more or less impressionistic landscapes and sea pictures. Some of these, such as the "Paris Quai" and the "Venetian Public Gardens," display a cleverness and a refined sense of color altogether unusual. John Russell has a fine portrait of a mother and son, while Curtis Williamson exhibits a striking picture of a vaudeville girl. There are some excellent landscapes by W. Edwin Atkinson, and two notable pictures from Maurice Cullen. Of these latter "Quebec from Levis" is especially good. The bronzes of A. Phimister Proctor and the etchings of Clarence Gagnon are also noteworthy features of the exhibition. Altogether the display is an excellent one and very much to the credit of the new organization. It should be pointed out, however, that it is not of a strictly national character, many of the best canvases coming from foreign cities, where members of the association have taken up their residence. And this is very largely reflected in their work, which has rather less of national characteristics than one would like to see in the work of a body of men who are bound to have so much influence on the future of Canadian painting.

The late Mr. Becket Hill, managing director in Liverpool for the Allan Steamship Company, left estate valued at £24,254 gross, and £12,594 net. In his will he directed that he should be buried in Brompton Cemetery, London, and that the following epitaph be inscribed on his tombstone:

"Let on his soul kind judgment fall,
Who did his best for one and all."

He also directed the wording of the tablet, which should contain the following:

"He helped to change paddle-tugs to screw; to initiate high-pressure and twin screws for ocean-going steamers; to introduce the Steam Line Conference, with the rebate system; and to start the Shipping Federation, the London Shipping Exchange, and the British Empire League."

It is said that the Queen has secured some measure of relief from the deafness with which she has been afflicted for a number of years. The most skilled specialists in various parts of the world have of course been consulted by the Royal patient, who has, in addition, not hesitated to go outside the medical profession in her search for relief from her trouble. The English papers mention that she has given an extended trial to an electrical invention of a Manchester man named Warner. The latter lately received a cheque for one hundred guineas for his services.

EDMUND MORRIS.—"Big Darkness," an Assiniboine.

Wolves in Algonquin Park

By MARK ROBINSON
(PARK RANGER)

MY first intimate acquaintance with the habits of wolves began in December, 1907, when, in company with that veteran ranger, Mr. R. Balfour, I set out one fine mornig to put out bait for wolves. Visions of dead wolves all over Kearney Lake floated before my eyes. There were fresh tracks of the big grey fellows to be seen everywhere, and when I was informed that chances of capturing any of them were few, I kept my counsel, but secretly thought: "Splendid stuff you are giving me, my friend!" However, events that followed proved that the information was correct.

The baits were visited daily for about a week, and every morning we found them tossed around. The wolves had rolled all over them. Some they carried a distance and dropped them, usually beside another bait, and walked off without any show of concern. Leaving this section and going to another we had much the same experience.

At the end of two weeks we returned to Kearney Lake, and I found my first wolf—a monster measuring seven feet three inches in length—also a fox lying a few feet away. The ground all about was simply padded down with wolf tracks, but neither wolf or fox had been touched. A raven had made a small hole in the back of the wolf and then left, evidently not feeling extra well. This capture aroused my enthusiasm, and every plan of capture I had heard of from old hunters was tried without success. A friend suggested that four-grain strychnine capsules be tried, these being placed inside a piece of meat. This was done. The baits were taken out, the capsules were found lying on the snow. This was the limit, and as the three men present examined the capsules one was heard to remark: "This has a fox skinned a mile for cunning."

During the winter of 1907-08, the writer's diary shows thirty-one deer found slaughtered by wolves on Headquarters Beat. Only one deer was completely devoured. Five more were about half consumed. Of the remaining twenty-six only a few pounds of meat had been eaten out off the haunch, but in nearly every instance the brain was eaten and the throat cut. Out of the thirty-one, twenty-three were does, the sex of the remaining few in four instances being impossible to determine. So the benefit of doubt goes to bucks. The greater portion of those does were slaughtered in the month of March, and all the does evidently carried young. By one moment's thought the reader will see the amount of damage done. Those does, owing to the protection the park gives against dogs, would in the majority of instances, have given birth to two fawns each. Then there is the fact that only about one-half or less of the deer killed are found by the rangers. Against this slaughter of deer, only two wolves were found poisoned, although there is a possibility that a dozen more were killed by poison and not found. The grey wolf usually gives birth to from five to nine whelps during the month of April, usually selecting a large hollow log for a den, or a snug niche in a rock.

The prevailing idea that a wolf has a regular den is not sustained by the trappers and woodsmen around the park. Another idea which many trappers stoutly declare to be true is that the wolf in the wild state drinks like a pig, and not like a dog as most people would suppose. The writer has been told by many old bushmen that the mother wolf takes the whelps to the water as soon as they are able to travel and any that lap are instantly killed. During the summer months the mother wolf is very industrious in teaching the whelps to hunt, chasing deer, rabbits, etc., until at the beginning of winter each whelp is able to capture a deer single-handed in a fair race, with ease.

On the fifteenth of January, 1909, while myself and companion were examining baits on a lake we noticed a wolf track entering the woods near the bait which had been scratched out. We followed the track for about a quarter of a mile, when the wolf had climbed an immense bluff. My companion followed the tracks, while I followed the ravine. I had only gone a few rods when I heard a noise of something crashing in the snow, and turned up over a small rise of ground. A fine young buck lay there dying. I went to it and found it had just been killed by a single wolf. After a short run of about two hundred yards the wolf had seized it, first by the hind leg, severing the tendon, then had at one bite broken the deer's back, tearing the skin and flesh open until the kidney could be seen. Then he had seized it by the throat, and was no doubt drinking the life blood of the deer when disturbed either by myself or friend. A close examination of footprints showed that the wolf had stolen up quietly until within forty yards of the deer, when the race for life began, with the inevitable result. The course the animals ran was down a slope of clean snow about ten inches deep; in fact, the odds were in the deer's favor.

There is much difference of opinion as to whether the wolves always still-hunt their deer in this section. The experience of a great many is that they do, showing that the wolf cunningly adapts himself to circumstances. Should wolves howl when in pursuit of game in this section the deer would all take to the water, and none be captured. In the writer's experience, when wolves howl it is to call together the pack. Then, after a short run, the still-hunt begins. That the wolf is a rank coward is a fact. He is very cunning, but a sneak among sneaks, and will follow a man's track at some distance. But let the man turn back and Mr. Wolf will take himself off at a rate that would surprise a King's Plater.

A foreman in a lumber camp gave me the following experiences he had with wolves during the month of March, 1908:

"I left my camp about 5 p.m. to go to Canoe Lake Station. After walking three miles up Ragged Lake I heard a pack of wolves commence to howl at a short distance, but felt no alarm until I had crossed the portage and got about a mile out on Smoke Lake, when in the bright moonlight I saw four large wolves comnig towards me. I could scarcely describe my feelings, as I was not armed in any way, and only carried a small stick, which I had to clean my snowshoes with. I decided not to run but to walk as fast as I could. I lighter my pipe and made as much smoke as possible, and when it was empty refilled it again. The wolves were doing no howling after coming on the ice. This caused me considerable uneasiness, as I felt I was a mark for them. By this time I was making about five miles per hour, and the wolves were apparently all around me, but at the respectful distance of about two hundrey yards. However I kept on until the portage to Canoe Lake was reached, when the wolves vanished in the woods. I pushed on across the portage, reached Canoe Lake, and was just beginning to congratulate myself, when they reappeared with reinforcements. I pushed on, and must confess that on two occasions when one of the brutes came within about seventy-five yards of me that I felt a cold sweat break out all over me, and I vowed that if I was spared that I would never take such chances again. As I came near the Canoe Lake shelter house the wolves gathered together, and, watching me for a moment, let out an unearthly howl and departed into the woods. Then I felt like dropping into a heap. Yes, wolves are cowards or they would soon have done for me," was his concluding remark.

At the present time there is much talk about the amount of fur being destroyed by baits set for wolves. There is no doubt that where bait is set on the mainland that a few fishes and marten may get poisoned, but by placing the baits on islands in the many lakes (and this is where wolves travel in the winter) this can be avoided. The only fur-bearing animal I ever saw killed, with the exception of wolf or fox, was by a bait set on the mainland. Supterintendent Bartlett is very strict in this respect. And much of the talk comes from trappers outside of the park who desire to see poisonig done away with in the park so that they can profit by placing it around the borders with better results. At present it is estimated that only one wolf out of every six that is poisoned, is found, so that much good is resulting from carefully set bait in the park at a very low cost to the Government.

They Covered Billiken.

(Torontonians are wondering why the Morality Department covered up the god of "things as they are.")

THEY covered up poor Billiken, and he,
Beneath a paper patch must hide his glee;
He smiled grotesquely for a while and then
The censors came and covered Billiken.

It cannot be that he suggested strife,
Like an abandoned pistol or a knife,
Which stir up brain storms in the minds of men;
That was not why they covered Billiken.

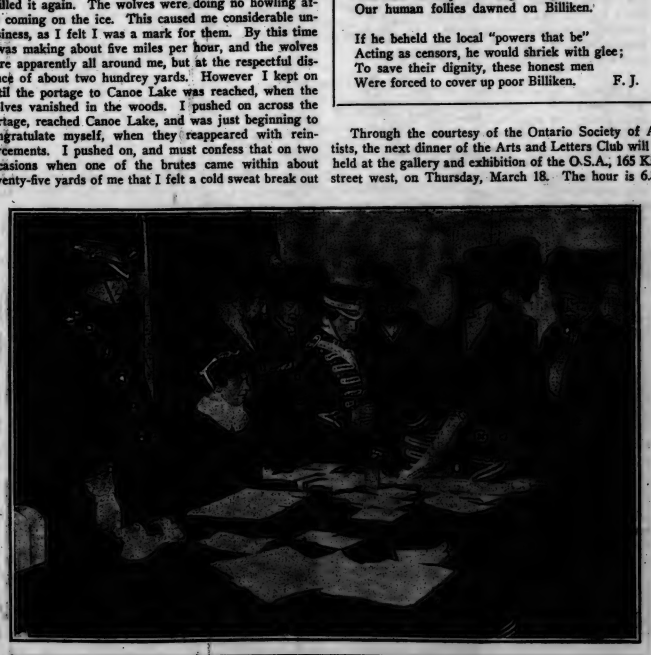
We have seen stranger faces in this age
Described as "striking" on a social page;
These men were not defending beauty when
They came and covered up poor Billiken.

Nobody ever yet has raised a call
To drape the gargoyles on the City Hall;
They still stand, grotesque guards, around Big Ben,
But they have covered up poor Billiken.

But mark, this little god came from some star
Where he has learned to "see things as they are,"
'Tis said he only started grinning when
Our human follies dawned on Billiken.

If he beheld the local "powers that be"
Acting as censors, he would shriek with glee;
To save their dignity, these honest men
Were forced to cover up poor Billiken. F. J.

Through the courtesy of the Ontario Society of Artists, the next dinner of the Arts and Letters Club will be held at the gallery and exhibition of the O.S.A., 165 King street west, on Thursday, March 18. The hour is 6.30.



ENLISTING NURSES FOR THE YEOMANRY CORPS IN LONDON.

A great many people have smiled at Miss Baker's efforts at enlisting recruits for the Nurses' Corps. The matter, however, is no joke but a serious effort to enlist a useful band of nurses who will accompany units on horseback. Our photograph shows the recruiting offices in Holborn, with Lieut. Lady Ernestine Hunt enrolling recruits. Lady Hunt, in uniform, is sitting at the table and Miss (or rather Sergt. Major) Kitty Baker is standing on the extreme left of the picture.

THE stages of evolution of the automobile greatly resemble those through which the bicycle passed, on its progression from the point at which it was a plaything to the point when it became one of the everyday utilities. The club run idea has fallen into disfavor in Great Britain and the Royal Automobile Club has requested all the clubs in that country that are associated or affiliated with it to discourage club runs as much as possible. These affairs were all right in the early days of automobiling, as it was an excellent plan for car owners to make trips in numbers, as the more experienced drivers were often able to remedy minor mishaps to machines handled by drivers who did not thoroughly understand the mechanism. The necessity for keeping together for this reason no longer exists and the objection to club runs in these days is that a great deal of dust is raised when a number of cars are driven close together. Consequently British motorists go by various routes when they wish to gather at any given point. In Canada and the United States the club run where all the cars are sent along in a procession has been very generally abandoned for the plan of having each driver take a different route to reach a rendezvous.

"DARLING, YOU GROW MORE BEAUTIFUL EVERY DAY."—Harper's Weekly.

* * *

The value of the automobile as a municipal departmental utility has been pointed out more than once on this page. Among the lesser cities of America to add a car to the municipal equipment is Atlantic City. The municipal authorities there recently decided that the chief of the fire department ought to have an automobile in which to go to fires, instead of being compelled to use a horse and buggy. The chief will consequently soon have a 40 horse-power car with a special body. The car will be equipped with extinguishers, a fire bell, and a box at the rear for the chief's helmet and rubber coat, in addition to room for carrying axes and other fire fighting apparatus.

* * *

The Royal yacht *Alexandra*, which will probably be employed for the forthcoming cruise of the King and Queen in the Mediterranean, has space provided on the lower deck for two of the Royal motor cars. These cars are so placed that they can be put ashore and subsequently re-shipped in a remarkably ingenious manner, and one used by no other yacht in the world. When the King is cruising he greatly likes to be able to leave the vessel and take a motor trip ashore whenever the mood takes him.

In this connection an amusing incident happened a short time ago, relates an English exchange. After a somewhat rough passage in Northern waters, the boat dropped anchor and the King prepared to land and join his car. The car was duly got ready but the chauffeur was missing. Inquiries showed that the unlucky man was lying in his bunk a prey to sea sickness, and was quite unfit to take the wheel of the car. The situation was explained to the King who laughingly prepared to forego his trip when one of the officers of the yacht volunteered his services. The offer was accepted, and the officer proved himself a highly capable substitute for the chauffeur.

* * *

One thing that the motorist seems to be much in need of is a speed-indicator that will stand squarely in front of him and tell him at a glance the exact speed at which he is going. Indicators which tell him how fast he has gone for a certain distance, or that give the information required after only a careful consultation, are not enough. With city policemen and rural constables on the watch for him and ready to drag him into court for exceeding the legal speed limits, he wants some device that will be at once a record, a guide, and a proof, constant and exact, of the speed at which his car travels. In a recent issue of a French scientific journal a member of the science faculty of the University of Paris discusses the need of such a speed-measure and the inventions that have been and are being made in the direction of supplying it. He divides tachymeters or speed-indicators into three groups—mechanical, electromagnetic, and electric. "Electric tachymeters," he says, "generally do not fulfil the necessity of indicating at once the speed and the distance traversed. Some electro-magnetic and mechanical tachymeters enable the driver to control his speed and distance; these are called odo-tachymeters." The principle of the electromagnetic indicator is that of a magnet revolving before a movable metallic disk. The disk becomes charged with electric currents, the action of which causes it to rotate with the magnet. This motion is opposed by a spiral spring, the stretching of which is proportional to the rotation speed of the magnet, which is indicated by a pointer. This and other kinds of indicators are made in various shapes and of various materials. But many difficulties seem to lie in the way of reaching perfection. The writer in question, however, thinks that the necessity of knowing the instantaneous speed of a car is not necessary. And he notes that the speed of a vehicle cannot be measured over a distance of 66 feet. He says: "We have to be content with obtaining periodically the value of the average speed during the first six seconds of a period of twelve seconds, or with the approximate indication, during a determinate time—ten seconds, for example—of the average speed during that period." There is a counter in operation which indicates such an average.

* * *

An American exchange remarks that when Mr. Taft comes to making a selection of his automobiles, the salesmen will make him realize what a mere bagatelle the selection of Cabinet officers is.

* * *

An auto fire truck purchased by the Fire Commissioners of Pomona, California, was tested the other day, and the result is interesting. Carrying nine men and a load of 1,500 pounds of pig iron it showed a speed of forty miles an hour. The specifications called for a speed of only twenty miles an hour under a load of 3,000 pounds.

No automobile road competitions will be held in England or Wales during the coming season. The Auto-Cycle Union, however, will renew its "Little Tourist Trophy" in Manxland, as usual.

* * *

We hear a good deal of discussion as to the probability of the increase on the market of cheap and medium-priced cars. That automobiles will grow cheaper—that is, that there will be good cheap cars will grow more numerous—nobody doubts. But this will mean no decrease in the number of costly cars produced and used. In this connection a prominent manufacturer said the other day:

"Let the cheap cars come; the more the merrier. They have their field, they make new converts and send a lot of them higher up for their second cars. These lower priced cars bring many new faces into the automobile fold. Some cannot afford to pay more, but will be able to do so later. Some others can afford to pay the top price, but figure that they can buy two or three cheap cars for the price of one of the others. They are the sort who must learn in the school of experience. Seasoned automobilists like a car that stands seasoning, that they know and understand as a friend. They figure on the economy in the long run, counting the cost per thousand miles, the percentage of time the car is out of commission, the delay, annoyance and deprivation endured, or the comfort, convenience and confidence enjoyed. All these things count in a car, the same as they do in house furnishings or clothing. There are men who say that the big, expensive car is the cheapest car made, and I agree with them. But there are all sorts of opinions and tastes, so there is room for all."

* * *

Ontario is not the only place where motorists have to fight what they consider unreasonable and unfair legislation. Paul C. Wolff, of Pittsburg, secretary of the Pennsylvania Motor Federation, has asked every automobilist in his state to use his best efforts to defeat two measures that have been introduced in the State Legislature. In his appeal to motorists Secretary Wolff says:

"We need not tell you the result of the enactment of such a law and the necessity of your at once bringing all possible influence to bear on your members of the Legislature to secure its defeat. This is the worst automobile legislation ever introduced in this state."

The provision to which exception is taken is a clause in both bills giving to the commissioners of any county in the state the right to make any speed limit they wish for the government of automobiles in their counties. In case any driver exceeded these limits, no matter how low, any resident of the county would be empowered to bring suit against the driver, who, if found guilty, would be fined $100, of which one-half would go to the person bringing the suit.

Mr. F. R. Benson is undoubtedly the most athletic of English present-day actors, and had he not made a name for himself as an exponent of Shakespeare, he might have shone as a leading cricketer or as a rival of Harry Vardon. There is (says M. A. P.) a story told to the effect that one day a certain young university man thought he would like to go on the stage, and approached Mr. Benson for an engagement.

"Yes," said the actor-manager, "but, let me see, do you play cricket?"

"Yes."

"Play football?"

"Yes."

"Hockey or golf?"

"A little."

"Swim at all?"

"Yes, I've done some swimming."

"Oh, yes, I think I can give you an engagement."

The would-be histrion was delighted, and was just about to go, when Mr. Benson called him back.

"By the way," he asked, "have you ever done any acting?"

This was the first allusion he had made to the candidate's fitness for his prospective work, and although this story may be exaggerated, it is certain that Mr. Benson encourages manly games among the members of his company, and to become a "Bensonian" is equivalent to becoming a better man physically all round.

Salad days are those in which the long-green is plenty.

Falling in love at first sight is all right if you are insured against the consequences of the second.

As a rule, the young person who is conspicuously lavish with his dough will be found on investigation to be half-baked.

Women are never selfish in the matter of secrets. There are very few who will not share their last one with you if you will give them a chance.

The chief trouble with the average alarm-clock seems to be that after the first fright the alarm wears off.

If there is anything the world hates more than a quitter it is the man who refuses to quit when he is through.

If it be true the devil sends the cooks, we should all rejoice that he is at last engaged in so useful an occupation.

It is curious how easily a woman can be deceived by a foreign suitor making his appeal through a coronet, when she would instantly spot a fellow American who was talking through his hat.—Carlyle Smith in Lippincott's.

PNEUMATIC.

Messina furnished early in the nineteenth century a new word for the German language. It was from there that oranges were first shipped to Germany, and the fruit was known for a long time after its advent as "Apfel aus Messina"—apple from Messina. After many years "Apfel aus Messina" degenerated into "Apfel Messina," and finally it became "Apfelsine," the name by which oranges are still known among German-speaking-people.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

IN this, the most treacherous month of the year, also the worst part of the month, death is sure to steal unawares upon some apparently strong and youthful person. Seldom has the Reaper more sadly shocked a family by bereavement than in the case of the passing away on Monday of Mrs. W. D. Ross, the wife of the general manager of the Metropolitan Bank. Mrs. Ross was born McGregor, a daughter of Hon. Senator McGregor, of New Glasgow, Nova Scotia. Her many friends in Toronto and the East send warmest sympathy to her husband and four little ones, in their irreparable loss.

Lady Edgar, widow of the late Sir James D. Edgar, K.C.M.G., Q.C., Speaker of the Dominion House, and whose portrait appears on this page, was born Ridout, a daughter of one of the oldest Toronto families. Her name has long been familiar to historian, humanitarian and sociologist, in Canada, for her pen would have made her a marked woman, even had her heart not been of the broadest sympathies, or her administrative ability lacked opportunity to assert itself. As wife and mother, writer on subjects of national interest, able and earnest helper in many kind and charitable enterprises and as president of that important and far spreading institution, The National Council of Women, she is entitled to the highest regard and respect of all true Canadians.

LADY EDGAR.

Mr. and Mrs. James Haywood, 28 Dunbar road, Rosedale, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Florence Emma Haywood, and Mr. Thomas James Dudley, whose marriage is arranged to take place in May.

Mr. Lissant Beardmore is going to Europe for further study and engagements. He sails on May 15 by the America. This evening, Mr. Beardmore gives a recital in Conservatory Hall, when he will be assisted by Mr. Fitzhugh Goldsborough, the new violinist; Miss May P. Hinckley, soprano, and Mr. H. J. Lautz, accompanist. Forty-seven patrons and patronesses, all leading names, are on Mr. Beardmore's programmes, so that the success of the recital as far as the audience is concerned is assured. The artists are too well known and appreciated to need any endorsement of their part of the concert.

Madame Bivert, by request of M. de Champ and Madame Rochereau de la Sabliere, of the Alliance Francaise, will give one of her causieries at the meeting of the Alliance in the new galleries, Jarvis street, this evening, an event sure to acquire much added interest from Madame Bivert's presence.

Mr. and Mrs. James B. Perry, Prince Arthur avenue, announce the engagement of their eldest daughter, Miss Effie Gilmour Perry, and Dr. Charles Phillips Emerson, of Clifton Springs, N.Y., formerly of Baltimore. Their marriage takes place next month.

Captain and Mrs. Tretheway, Spadina road, announce the engagement of their youngest daughter, Miss Alice Maude Tretheway, and Mr. John J. Tilt. Their marriage takes place in the spring.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Knowlton, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Knowlton and Mrs. Parkinson spent the week-end at The Clifton, Niagara Falls. Mr. Knowlton has sailed on the Adriatic for England.

Yesterday afternoon at three o'clock, Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie read papers on Sir John Sherbrooke and the death of the Duke of Richmond before the members of the Women's Canadian Historical Society, of which Mrs. Pelham Edgar is convenor.

At St. Margaret's College last evening, Professor A. Caruthers, M.A., lectured on "My Cenaean Civilization," and had lantern views in illustration. Invitations to this lecture were sent out by the heads of the college.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. S. Johnson have gone to China and Japan.

Mrs. Bullen, of London, is visiting Mrs. Ben Cronyn.

A friend from North Cobalt sends me The Cobalt Nugget, containing an account of the opening of the first Church of England in that neighborhood, by the Bishop of Algoma, the prelate who so narrowly escaped being Bishop of Toronto. They had a joyous time up there on March 2, and their wee house of worship, 28 by 50 feet large, and made of burlap, to be bricked over in the spring, was opened with every enthusiasm possible. Mr. and Mrs. Kammerer, of Parkdale, generously gave the organ, and the Bishop said many encouraging and appreciative words to the energetic little group of members, most of them ex-Torontonians who had collected for the building of the tiny church.

Mrs. Walter Beardmore, who has been South for some weeks, returned home on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Beatty and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Beatty went over to the Falls on Thursday for a few days at the New Clifton, returning home early in the week.

Mr. J. K. Macdonald and Miss Macdonald, of Cona Lodge, went over on Thursday (4th) to The Welland, St. Catharines, and returned to town on Monday.

Dr. and Mrs. W. P. Caven are at Atlantic City.

Professor and Mrs. Wrong, Miss Knox, Mr. and Mrs. Graham Campbell, Miss Perry and her niece, Mrs. Bealey, Mrs. W. F. Maclean, Mr. and Mrs. Pattullo, of Woodstock, Mrs. Folingsby and Mrs. Skey, Mrs. Eyre, of Ottawa, and Mrs. Ross, were some of the guests at The Welland last week.

Mrs. Gerrold Ball and Mrs. Britton have returned from a stay of three weeks at The Welland, St. Catharines.

Mrs. Sweeny, wife of the Western General Manager of the Bank of Montreal, is spending some time in New York for the benefit of an invalid daughter.

The last of the afternoon teas will be given at the Canadian Art Club this afternoon, when Mrs. Sampson and Mrs. Stone will be the hostesses. On Wednesday Mrs. Mavor and Mrs. Agar Adamson had the duty of the tea-room, Mrs. Denison being prevented by illness from taking her place with them on that day. The exhibition will remain open until next Saturday night, and has been a very great success in every way. On Monday last, Mrs Austin, of Spadina road; Madame Rochereau de la Sabliere and Mrs. Robertson, sister of Mr. Curtis Williamson, were hostesses at afternoon tea.

Many kind and sympathetic thoughts have been with Mrs. H. D. Warren and her sorrowing family since the death, after a protracted illness, of the head of the house, Red Gables, Wellesley street. Mr. H. D. Warren was for some time in the hospital, but was brought to his home a short time ago where last Friday, March 5th, he succumbed to his disease. The funeral service on Monday at four o'clock was private and no announcement of the time of the interment was made.

Mr. George Gibbons, of London, was one of the visitors to the exhibition of the Canadian Art Club, as he and his beautiful wife (Mary Osler, of Craigleigh) were visiting Mrs. Gibbons's parents on the day Mrs. Osler was one of the tea hostesses. Mr. Gibbons purchased Mr. Franklin Brownell's "Wrunnover," a picture which appealed to a great many, who envy the owner the possession of so charming a bit of work.

Mrs. McCoy, nee Cook, who has been laid up at her parents' home in Spadina avenue, since December 23, with a serious attack of ptomaine poisoning, is now at last convalescing favorably, and hopes to rejoin Dr. McCoy in two or three weeks. Dr. McCoy spent last Sunday in town. I hear he has some exceptionally fine horses getting ready for the Horse Show.

The Misses Foy, of Isabella street, and their cousin, Miss Gertrude Foy, have gone to Italy.

The stork came to town on Monday with a little daughter for Mr. and Mrs. Castel Hopkins.

Mrs. Cronyn, Huron street, entertained at tea in honor of Mrs. Marshall, of London, formerly Louie Birrell, who has been occupying a flat in Sussex Court for some time. Her daughter, Mrs. Frank Hobbs, resides in Oriole avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Fraser have returned from a pleasant trip to England.

THE FIRST TOUCH OF SPRING AT MURRAY'S.

The newest thing in women's fashions is well illustrated at Murray's for the past few days. In the millinery department is to be found an unusual showing of imported hats from all the greatest designers of Parisian styles—and in the matter of styles, Murray's millinery can speak with authority. This season is to be a flower season—flowers of all kinds are used in great profusion—flowers of all colors, flowers of all sizes—a regular botanical revelry of rare blossoms are shown in delightful profusion.

In the Mantle Section many beautiful, rich and heart stealing wonders of the dressmaker's art are shown. The liberty allowed in the materials, colors and styles offers a great variety for the exercise of one's taste. There are a number of new and dainty effects shown in suits and dresses which the visitor at this remarkable opening display cannot fail to appreciate. There is as usual so much that is new, so much that is beautiful that words even if space allowed could hardly do the reader so much good as the plain unvarnished statement that W. A. Murray & Co., Ltd., have excelled themselves in their selections for the spring and summer fashions.

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"It was a Good Show—But."

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP COMPANY OF PLAYERS
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"LITTLE NELL"
Tues. and Thur., March 23rd and 25th,
and
"THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH"
Wed. and Fri., March 24th and 26th,
AT GUILD HALL
Prices, 75c. and 50c., all reservable.
Subscription forms at Nordheimer's and at Guild Hall.

CANADIAN ART CLUB
EXHIBITION
Now Open at 57 Adelaide St. East
Admission 25 cts.
Season Tickets $1.00

The Dickens Fellowship Players will present "Little Nell," a drama in three acts, on Tuesday and Thursday, March 23 and 25, and their great success of last season, "The Cricket on the Hearth," on Wednesday and Friday, March 24 and 26, at the Guild Hall. The stage will be specially fitted up for these productions. Subscription forms may be had at Nordheimer's and at the Guild Hall.

THE DRAMA

MRS. FISKE
As "Salvation Nell."

A GREAT many people laughed and a few people were shocked at the performance of "The Blue Mouse," which has been running all week at the Royal Alexandra. And even the people who were shocked were shocked in retrospect. They laughed while they were there, but afterwards remembered that perhaps they should not have done so. Then, of course, it occurred to them that the Blue Mouse herself was not a genteel young lady, and that the railroad president was a rather unconventional old gentleman, and that even the uncle from Cohoes who kept the Elite livery stable and did most of his business in funerals lacked the sweet simplicity of taste usually associated with life in the rural regions and showed little of the decorum one expects from one's undertaker. One of these critics even went so far as to see in the thoughtless farce a terrible engine for the destruction of sacred ties and the battering down of ideals, and he explained so in print to a horror-stricken public. But most people were content to laugh, and they got every opportunity in the world to do it. There were low chuckling laughs, and wheezy asthmatic laughs, and rich mellow laughs, and wild uproarious ear-splitting laughs, and every kind of laugh you ever heard from the time the curtain went up till it was rung down on the last foolish situation. Everyone contributed to the volume of uproar, and the spirit of reckless merriment was over it all, from the actors on the stage to the chap who took the tickets at the door. And even those people who afterwards discovered that their sensitive moral perceptions had been severely bruised must admit that it was worth it.

* * *

A George Cohan play is, as a rule, a sufficiently harmless and vapid sort of thing in itself. It was primarily designed to meet a certain need of a certain class of American theatregoers, and that it has done so is sufficiently attested by the financial prosperity of the breezy young gentleman who thumped it out on his typewriter or dictated it to his stenographer. But for people who don't possess this certain need or belong to this certain class, the only possible excuse for a Cohan play being presented at a first-class house is that it should be very well put on. And that is why one wonders about the last one to come to town.

* * *

Excellence on the vaudeville stage is very apt to be slurred over as a thing of comparatively little importance. But a good vaudeville act is almost as rare as a good play; and that is why it is a pleasure to call attention to the Hyams and McIntyre sketch, "The Quakeress," at Shea's this week. It is new and graceful and clever, and makes up abundantly for any dull spots in the rest of the bill.

* * *

THE dramatic critic of Life has this to say about the recent crusade for stage morality:

How awful it was while it lasted—that spasm of newspaper virtue over the naughty plays. And what a complete and speedy recovery! Net results to date:

Perhaps a few parents have been made a little more cautious about the theatregoing of their young persons.

The enemies of the legitimate stage and the sensational preachers have been supplied with fresh ammunition.

The five entertainments inveighed against are still doing business at the old stands.

Mr. Abraham L. Erlanger, largely interested in the success of "Miss Innocence" and the other Held-Ziegfeld shows, and also a large advertising patron of the daily newspapers, has been permitted to exploit himself in the news columns as a protector of the morals of the stage.

The daily newspapers are still appearing at regular intervals.

Killed and wounded—none.

All over.

* * *

ALL London has been laughing lately at the manner in which H. G. Pelissier, head and front of the Follies, got even with the Lord Chamberlain, who is the play censor, says The New York Herald.

One of the principal features of the amusing entertainment given by the Follies is what Mr. Pelissier calls his "potted plays," the same being short burlesques on the reigning theatrical successes. They have become very popular with the public. When "An Englishman's Home," the invasion play, burst forth and put London in a state of patriotic hysteria, Mr. Pelissier immediately got busy. He prepared his burlesque and had it ready to put on, but the Lord Chamberlain said "Nay, nay," and stopped it with a short, sharp shock. Mr. Pelissier smiled and sawed wood.

When the new bill was given Mr. Pelissier came before the curtain and in mock solemnity explained that he had expended several thousand pounds in scenery for "An Englishman's Home," just to please his company, who had caught the craze and were wild with a desire to play it, and they were greatly grieved at the censor's veto.

Just then from behind the curtain came the shout: "Let's play it, anyway!" "No, no; stop!" yelled Mr. Pelissier, sticking his head between the folds. Bang! went a gun. Then came the screech of shells, the rattle of musketry and the crash of falling timbers and bricks. Meanwhile Mr. Pelissier was clinging desperately to the curtains to prevent their being drawn, and, as he weighs two hundred and fifty pounds, he was successful, but he was swung around like a pendulum in the most ludicrous way. His commands to stop were drowned in the roar of battle. When it was all over the curtains were pulled aside and showed the bombarded wreck of Britannia villa. So the burlesque was given after all.

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TRADE MARK

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NEXT WEEK'S THEATRICAL BILL OF FARE

Royal Alexandra—Mrs. Fiske in "Salvation Nell."
Princess—"The Witching Hour."
Shea's—Vaudeville.
Gayety—"In Zululand."
Grand—"The Top o' th' World."

THE feature of next week's dramatic offerings is, of course, the coming of Mrs. Fiske, whose arrival is always a notable event in stageland. No matter what play or character she may choose to perform, her personality and her art are always such as to command attention and careful consideration.

"Salvation Nell," in which she appears at the Royal Alexandra next week, is woven around the strange love story of two beings who are found among the dregs of New York's underworld when the curtain rises on the first act. The action of the play begins with a crime, which parts the lovers—the tough and the scrub woman. In the trail of the crime comes an appeal to the girl's better nature. Then the drama grows into the story of a human being slowly but steadily climbing out of the cellars of life into the light. At one time this climb is threatened, when the man freed from prison almost succeeds in making Nell Sander's renewed love for him her spiritual undoing. There is a heartrending struggle for self-mastery. Nell finally succeeds in keeping all that her former victory had won her, and this show of strength becomes a force for conquering the brutal nature of the tough. It puts her in position of doing for the tough what has been done for her when she was on the lowest rung of existence. The woman then continues the upward climb, with the man clinging to her hand. The cast of fifty members includes, besides Mrs. Fiske, Holbrook Blinn, who plays the tough; Hope Latham, Mary Madison, Gilda Varesi, Winifred Vorhees, and several children. The staging of the play is very elaborate.

AUGUSTUS THOMAS
Author of "The Witching Hour."

* * *

Telepathic drama, as interpreted by the Shubert's Hackett Theatre Company in Augustus Thomas's play, "The Witching Hour," will be given at the Princess Theatre next week. "The Witching Hour" ran all last season and part of the present season at the Hackett Theatre in New York, where it aroused considerable interest on account of its unusual theme. The play is founded on certain manifestations of telepathic influence, and the title is derived from the fact that two o'clock in the morning is the critical time in this mimic world of mystery. That is the "witching hour."

* * *

Alice Lloyd, one of the daintiest of the comediennes England has sent to vaudeville on this side, will be the headline on the bill at Shea's Theatre next week. This is Miss Lloyd's first visit to this city. Her work is dainty and clever and she sings many tuneful songs, especially "I'm Looking For the Love Light in Your Eyes," a song with mirror effects. Other acts on the bill are: The Elinore Sisters, in their new act, "It Was a Good Show—But," Frederic Bond, Fremont Benton & Co., Mme. Theresa Renz, Sam Williams, Chassino, and the Kinetograph.

* * *

An airship scene is one of the features of Harder and Hall's musical comedy, "Morning Glories in Zululand," which is to be seen at the Gayety next week. First-Nighter.

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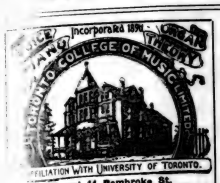

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Piano Action.

MUSIC

NO programme music, perhaps, is more wonderful than Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream." To be sure one must be familiar with the play to catch the full significance of his tone pictures, but no one can hear them without feeling the various moods, even if the actual events are not defined. The opening of the Overture makes us feel "the darkness that we know is green." Then come the fairies holding high revel until Oberon and Titania quarrel, and the frightened elves creep into acorn-cups and hide. Rippling through it all is heard Puck, the prototype of Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel," with his merry pranks. Soon we have the grave stateliness of the Duke and his betrothed, the four distracted lovers, and the clownish play-actors. Who that has once heard the delicious Scherzo can ever forget it? It is one of the finest bits of musical humor I know, and no one can mistake the ass's bray. No need of a programme here, because the story is told so directly. And rarely have I heard it better played than Mr. Modest Altshuler and the Russian Symphony Orchestra played it at Massey Hall last week for the Ben Greet Players. Had the dramatic cast been as good as the orchestra it would have been an ideal performance.

* * *

Miss Norah Hayes's recital in Conservatory Music Hall last Monday night was most creditable both to the young artiste and to her teacher, Miss Hayes. An idea of the serious work that has been done by pupil and teacher may be gained from the programme, which was a severe test of musicianship, technique and memory. The opening number was the Wieniawski "Second Concerto," which went remarkably well. No one who has never faced an audience can remotely realize the nervous strain incident to such an effort, for the work is long and unusually exacting because the player knows how familiar it is to concertgoers, consequently the slightest slip will be noticed. Yet, despite the strain there were few slips and these were most deftly covered or quite professionally passed over and good consistent performance given. When Miss Norah got her poise her tone was full and of good quality, her bowing free, and her harmonics unusually well in tune. Of the group I liked her playing of the D'Ambrosio "Romance" the best, although she got plenty of dramatic contrast in Bohm's "Legende." In the "Airs Russes" her aplomb was splendid. At one time there was a faint suspicion of fatigue, but she bravely rallied and her tone rang out fuller than at any other time in the evening. Everyone tires or makes mistakes, but few have the courage to pluck success from the jaws of a break-down. I don't mean to imply that Miss Norah at any time was near breaking down, but there were several times when many an experienced player would not have pulled himself together as she did and go on to the end as though nothing had happened.

Mrs. Barton was a tower of strength and must have been of great assistance to Miss Hayes. Mr. George Dixon sang remarkably well, particularly well especially Bunning's "Sunshine and Butterflies." He had to respond to a very insistent encore after the aria from "Rigoletto."

The hall was well filled and every one gave evidence of enjoying the concert. A great many remained to congratulate both of the young ladies.

* * *

On the night following a large audience gathered to hear the Toronto String Quartette, assisted by Mr. Welsman and Miss Ethel Drummond. They presented the most interesting programme they have given this season, of which the Dvorak "Quintette" was the principal feature. A few seasons ago Mr. Welsman played the piano part with the Kneisel Quartette and won high praise from Mr. Kneisel for his excellent work. He was in fine form on Tuesday and the whole work went rippingly. There was lots of dash, just the right spirit for a composition in which three movements are to be taken *allegro* or faster, and even the slow movement is an *andante con moto*. The strings were not in quite the best tune, but they played well. The Schumann "Quartette, No. 2 of Opus 41" sounds a little thin after the modern music we have been hearing this winter, but the first and second movements are beautiful, and the Quartette played them well, particularly the second, which takes a bit of playing. The "Notturno" from Borodine's "Second Quartette," repeated from a former programme by request, made a pronounced sensation, quite equal to the one it made as a novelty. It is a charming bit, brimming with Italian feeling, so much so that one feels that he has heard the melody in an opera by Pucini or Mascagni. Mr. Frank Converse Smith played an arrangement of Chopin's "Opus 37, No. 1" for the viola, with Miss Drummond at the piano. Despite the fact that they did it very well I prefer it in its original form, but Mr. Smith drew such a beautiful tone that the audience wanted to hear him again and he had to respond.

* * *

It was a delightful concert with only one thing to regret; there were too many vacant seats. If Toronto is to deserve the fame of the premier musical city of the American continent she must pay more attention to one of the highest forms of music—chamber music. We have a quartette that would be a credit to any city, and yet there is not enough interest to fill a hall seating barely five hundred. I hope the members of the quartette will not get discouraged, but pioneer work is very wearing, and one or more of them may be tempted away to join one of the large orchestras or to find better fields for their labor. One wishes a chamber music society could be organized with a sufficient guarantee to permit Mr. Blachford and his associates to work out their legitimate future.

* * *

This afternoon Mr. Wheeldon will play the "Fantasie Triomphal" of Dubois, "Fantasie Sonata" of Rheinberger, his own "Reverie de Cloche," in which he exploits the chimes of the great Metropolitan Church organ. The recital begins at 4.

* * *

Mr. Lissant Beardmore and Mr. Fitzhugh Goldsborough are giving a joint recital in Conservatory Music Hall to-night, assisted by Miss May P. Hinckley, soprano, a very talented pupil of Mr. H. J. Lautz. Both Mr. Beardmore and Mr. Goldsborough are too well known here to need further comment. They have each prepared several novelties for the programme, among them the "Love Song" from "Die Walkurie." Mr. Lautz will be at the piano for Mr. Beardmore and Miss Hinckley and Mrs. Barton for Mr. Goldsborough.

* * *

On the 16th, Mr. Russell G. McLean will give his recital in Conservatory Music Hall, assisted by Miss Gertrude Huntley. Mr. McLean has been heard with the greatest pleasure wherever he has appeared since his return from abroad, and naturally those who follow the coming and going of musical artists are glad of an opportunity to hear him in a comprehensive programme. Miss Huntley made a fortuitous debut when she divided the honors of a recital in Massey Hall with Mme. Blanche Marchesi, so that a second hearing will be eagerly welcomed. Miss Maude McLean will be the accompaniste, and a very good one she is.

* * *

The People's Choral Union have been fortunate in securing Mme. Jomelli, the great dramatic soprano, late of the Metropolitan and Manhattan Opera Houses. Her success in concert has been phenomenal—so much so that her manager is booking her for some time to come in this line of work. When she appears here with the Choral Union in Massey Hall on the 23rd her principal numbers will be arias from two of the operas that have created furores in New York this season, "Thais" and "Louise." She will also sing two groups of songs. Mr. Fletcher has the best chorus this year he has ever had in the Union, and his programme is very attractive.

* * *

Mischa Elma comes on the 25th with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra in Massey Hall. He will play the Tschaikowsky Concerto, the concert number that has done more to give him the place he occupies than anything else he plays. Mr. Welsman has Beethoven's favorite Symphony, the 5th, in preparation, and Sibelius's symphonic poem, "Finlandia," symbolic of his native land. The books for subscriptions close to-day, and I hope that Mr. Cox and his associates will be satisfied with the results. Toronto should make the Symphony Orchestra an organization worthy to rank with her best choral societies.

* * *

The Monday following, Mme. Emma Eames, who has just said goodbye to the Metropolitan Opera House, will appear in Massey Hall with the most popular baritone on this side of the water, Emilio de Gorgoza. No singer has made the impression here that he did when he first appeared with Mme. Eames, and he has steadily grown in favor until he has won the title which I gave him above. The sale of seats begins on the 22nd.

* * *

The Wednesday preceding Easter the choir at St. Paul's (Anglican) will produce Sianer's "Crucifixion" under the direction of the organist and choirmaster, Mr. T. J. Palmer. The recently appointed soprano soloist, Miss Kathleen Howard, is giving greater satisfaction than any of her predecessors, and is refuting the charge that no voice can be heard to advantage in the church because of the peculiar shape of the building. Miss Howard has worked earnestly under her teacher, Miss Ethel Shepherd, and is now reaping the reward, both for herself and her teacher.

* * *

Dr. Torrington, "the father of them all," is having enthusiastic support from his choristers in preparing Gounod's "Redemption" for Good Friday, and should excel even the good performance he gave last year. Miss Millett and Mr. Ross return from their Pennsylvania homes to take their old parts, which is good news for those who heard them before, Mr. Ross being especially well liked for his fine declamation. Mr. Edward Strong, a New York tenor, who has been coming rapidly to the front during the past few years, has also been engaged. Consistent with his custom, Dr. Torrington has given some of the younger local artists an opportunity of being heard. Miss Olive Scholey, a promising contralto, and Miss Evelyn Ashworth, the soprano who did so well at the annual concert of the Toronto College of Music, are assisting, as well as Miss Dollie Blair, pianiste, and Mr. Arthur Blakeley, organist. The concert, of course, will be given in Massey Hall.

* * *

During Lent, Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, of St. Simon's Church, has been giving a series of special anthems and solos at the evening services. I am glad of this opportunity to speak of Mr. Harrison and his work. I know of no musician with broader general culture, nor one to whom the much mis-used term a gentleman can be more truly applied. In a quiet, sincere way he has done his duty, and done it well no one who has come in contact with him has gone away unbenefited.

* * *

On the third of April, Miss Eleanor Hains, a pupil of Miss Kate Archer, assisted by Miss Flora McDonald, a pupil of Mr. Welsman, will give a recital in St. George's Hall. I shall announce the details later.

* * *

A violin recital of more than usual interest was given in the Conservatory Music Hall last Thursday evening by a number of Mrs. Drechsler Adamson's pupils. The opening number, a trio, by Dvorak, proved to be a delightful composition, and, as played by Miss Minnie Connor, Miss Jessie M. Flook and Mr. Oscar P. Ziegler, was well balanced and the *ensemble* excellent. Mr. Oscar P. Ziegler has made a distinct advance on his good work of last season, and in his solos, which included Wieniawski's "Allegro," the Adagio and Allegro *energico* movements from Bruch's "Concerto," his tone was full and round and his bowing graceful, the crisp loose wrist movement being particularly commendable. Mr. Fred Singer has fine technique and his playing of the Sarasate "Gypsy Dances" was most effective and showed him to be possessed of musical ability of a high order. Miss Marie Smith, although extremely nervous, gave a dignified and musical reading of an "*Andante*" by de Beriot; and Miss Jessie Flook in her playing of the "Andante" from the Mendelssohn "Concerto" did good work, showing marked progress over her playing of last season. Mrs. Adamson, as one of our most sincere and efficient teachers, is to be commended for the excellent showing made by her pupils on this occasion.

Miss Adamson was assisted by Miss Della White, pupil of Dr. Edward Broome, who sang Edward Broome's "The Silver Lining," and "Cupid's Mistake," and Miss Constance Martin, A.T.C.M., pupil of Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, who played Moszkowski's "Valse, E major, Op. 34, No. 1."

MELOS.

The service of praise given by the choir of Avenue Road Presbyterian Church on Tuesday evening proved most enjoyable. The choir has made rapid progress under the new director and organist, T. R. J. Plant. The soprano soloist, Mrs. J. L. Young, was heard to advantage in the solo "Show Me Thy Ways," and in the obligato in Mendelssohn's "Hear My Prayer." Miss Jean Collinson, contralto; Mr. Brown, tenor, and Mr. Austin Quarrington, bass, contributed to the enjoyment of the service.

West Presbyterian Church Choir, under Mr. McNally's direction, will give a concert on Monday evening next. The programme will include Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer," and part songs by Elgar, Gaul, Rea, and Roland Rogers.

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ANECDOTAL

A BIG Yorkshireman had come all the way to London to see the British Museum. Unfortunately, it was a day when the museum was closed. The indignant Yorkshireman refused to take no for an answer from the policeman at the gate. "Ain't this public property?" he cried.

"Yes," admitted the policeman; "but," he added, struck by a bright idea, "one of the mummies died on Tuesday, and do you begrudge us one day to bury him in?"

"Oh, excuse me," said the Yorkshireman in a hushed voice. "In that case I won't intrude."

* * *

DR. BLANK, a professor in a certain university, was on the eve of a trip to Europe, to be absent two years. In pathetic and rather harrowing tones he made his farewell address to his class:

"Yes, I am about to part with you. This is more than distressing to me. Would that there was a window in my breast, my dear boys, that you might see the innermost recesses of my heart."

A stripling in the rear, seized with a happy thought, shouted:

"Professor, would a pane in the stomach do?"

* * *

A SOUTH Missouri man recently was tried on a charge of assault. The State brought into court as the weapons used a rail, an axe, a pair of tongs, a saw and a rifle. The defendant's counsel exhibited as the other man's weapons a scythe blade, a pitchfork, a pistol and a hoe. The jury's verdict is said to have been:

"Resolved, That we the jury would have given $1 to have seen the fight."

* * *

"PHYSICAL culture, father, is perfectly lovely!" exclaimed an enthusiastic young miss just home from college. "Look! To develop the arms I grasp the rod by one end and move it slowly from right to left."

"Well, well!" exclaimed the father; "what won't science discover! If that rod had straw at the other end you'd be sweeping."

* * *

A REPRESENTATIVE of a firm of household decorators was one day called to the suburban home of an eccentric man, father of a large and interesting family, including a number of girls.

As the decorator went through the house for the purpose of giving the estimate for redecoration desired, his attention was caught by a legend, framed and prominently displayed over the mantel in the room of each girl, reading:

"Learn to say 'Yes.'"

"Would you mind telling me what that means?" asked the decorator, nodding to the legend, and addressing his question to the daughter who was acting as his guide.

"Oh," explained the girl, blushing, "that's one of dad's ideas. There are eight of us girls, you know!"

* * *

OCCASIONALLY The Lancet tells good stories on the doctors. Some of them would prove offensive if they came from a mere newspaper. This one, however, is very mild:

A patient with malignant disease of the throat consulted a specialist. The surgeon recommended the removal of the larynx. The patient expressed a fear that the operation was very dangerous.

"Oh no," said the surgeon, "you are sure to recover."

"But," said the patient, "I understood that the operation was very serious indeed."

"Well," said the surgeon, "my reason for saying that you are sure to recover is this: The mortality is nineteen out of twenty, and I've had nineteen deaths already."

* * *

A "low-brow" who in some manner had gained admission to the inner circle of a well-known literary organization in Boston was busily engaged in conversation with a charming girl from Beacon street, when suddenly she asked him:

"Do you like 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table?'"

"I don't know that I ever tried it," responded the rank outsider cheerily. "To tell the truth I'm not much of a hand for breakfast foods of any kind."

"THE editor of my paper," declared the newspaper business manager to a little coterie of friends, "is a peculiar genius. Why, would you believe it, when he draws his weekly salary he keeps out only one dollar for spending money and sends the rest to his wife in Idianapolis!"

His listeners—with one exception, who sat silent and reflective—gave vent to loud murmurs of wonder and admiration.

"Now, it may sound thin," added the speaker, "but it is true, nevertheless."

"Oh, I don't doubt it at all!" quickly rejoined the quiet one. "I was only wondering what he does with the dollar!"

* * *

SOME time ago Mr. Max Beerbohm succeeded Mr. Bernard Shaw as dramatic critic of a well-known English publication; *apropos* of which fact, the following amusing story has been told. The manager told "Max" what salary "G.B.S." had received, and ended by saying: "Of course, being comparatively inexperienced, you can scarcely expect as much."

"Oh, yes, I shall," replied Mr. Beerbohm with one of his genial smiles. "Indeed, I shall expect more! You see, as Shaw knows the drama thoroughly it was perfectly easy for him to write about it. Now, as I know nothing about it, it will be awfully hard work."

* * *

APROPOS of his name, Sir James Dewar tells an amusing story of how, when in the Highlands of Scotland one summer, he stopped at a farmhouse for a cup of milk.

"What a superb place to live in," he remarked to the farmer.

"Ou, aye," he answered, "it's a' right; but hoo wad ye like to hae to walk fifteen mile ilk a time ye wanted a wee glass o' whisky?"

"Why don't you get a bottle and keep it in the house?" Sir James suggested.

The farmer shook his head sadly and said: "Whisky won't keep."

* * *

FOR forty-four years Charles Henderson at the Savoy Theatre, London, has been beating the big drum and for thirty years out of that total he has been a member of the famous Gilbert and Sullivan orchestra. Mr. Henderson jocularly claims to be the discoverer of wireless telegraphy. While Sir Arthur Sullivan was conducting at a festival rehearsal on one occasion he turned to Mr. Henderson and said, "Stop that vibration, Henderson!"

"I knew it wasn't my drum vibrating," says Mr. Henderson. "It's that big bass drum over there, Sir Arthur!" And that proved to be the case. The big bass had been left uncovered, with the consequence that every time I hit my drum the other caught the vibration and boomed in sympathy. It was wireless telegraphy, although I didn't know it."

* * *

AFTER the latest attempt to dynamite a public man in Europe, a French restaurant keeper put up the following sign above the street door of his structure:

"No Cabinet Ministers or Magistrates Allowed on These Premises."

* * *

CHARLES Summerville, the ablest police reporter in New York, is perhaps the smallest. He is so small and boyish in appearance and manner as to fail in impressing strangers with his quality, and this has developed in him a slight irritability that often startles unsuspecting transgressors. But a stolid German waiter was proof. While raking up bones, bread crusts and fragments of food from the sawdust-covered floor of a cafe at which Summerville was lunching, he accidentally struck him on the heel with the broom.

"Hey, there!" said Summerville, sharply. "What are you trying to do—sweep me?"

"Nein, nein," answered the waiter, calmly. "Only der big pieces I take."

A COUNTRY correspondent for a Kentucky newspaper once found himself in the mountains of that State looking for items of interest to his journal.

"There ain't a bit of news," said one farmer. "All down this way are too busy with their crops to think of anything else."

"Fine crops this year, eh?" asked the correspondent.

"Couldn't be better," asserted the farmer. "I oughter be in my field right now, an, I would be only I come to town to see the coroner."

"The coroner?"

"Yes; he's wanted to hold an inquest on a couple of fellers in our place."

"Accident?"

"I reckon not! Ran Morgan ain't doin' nuthin' like that by accident! He shot Jim Jeffords an' his brother Tom with two shots! Got to have an inquest, though."

"What led to the fight?"

"There wa'n't no fight. Ran never gives the other fellers any chance to make it a fight. Jes' hid behind a tree an' give it to 'em as they came along."

"Has Ran been arrested?"

"No. What's the use? Some o' the Jeffords people come along, burned down Ran's house, shot him an' his wife, an' set fire to his barn. No, Ran ain't been arrested. But I ain't got the time to stand heah talkin' to you. Got to git back to my harvestin'. But there ain't any news down our way. Ef anything happens I'll let you know."

* * *

THEY were talking of the strange sights to be seen in a great city and one man paid his tribute to New York. "I don't believe one of you could think of any combination of circumstances that hasn't at some time occurred on the streets there," he said.

"I reckon I know of one that's never occurred there," said Hiram Fowle.

"What's that?" asked the other curiously.

"I guess," said Hiram slowly, "that you've never seen nor ever will see a brass band going in one direction an' the heft of the folks going the other."

* * *

THIS is a true story, according to an English newspaperman:

A train stopped abruptly a few miles outside the little station of Hergatz, in Bohemia, and the passengers alighted to ascertain what had happened.

They found the guard engaged in shaving the engine driver, who apologized for the delay and explained that he was about to propose to the young woman in the refreshment room at the next station and he had no time to complete his toilet before starting.

* * *

A FRENCH general's wife, whose tongue-lashing ability was far-famed, demanded that an old servant, who had served with her husband in the wars, be dismissed.

"Jacques," said the general, "go to your room and pack your trunk and leave—depart."

The old Frenchman clasped his hands to his heart with dramatic joy.

"Me—I can go!" he exclaimed, in a very ecstacy of gratitude. Then suddenly his manner changed, as with utmost compassion he added:

"But you—my poor general, you must stay!"

* * *

THOMAS Bailey Aldrich had a wit. "A friend once remarked to him that a certain eminent and indefatigable laborer in the field of letters was a very learned man. 'Yes,' said Aldrich, 'a very learned man, but like a gaspipe, no richer for the illumination he has conveyed.'"

* * *

A GENTLEMAN of some scientific attainments was one evening poring over a wine list at his club, when his interest was excited by the prices shown.

"Barker," said he to the waiter, "I observe that the list offers some sherry at seventy-five cents and some at four dollars. Now, what is the difference between the brands?"

The waiter looked surprised. "Beg pardon, sir," said he, with that frankness permitted an old servant, "but it does seem remarkable that such a highly educated gentleman can't do a simple bit of arithmetic like that!"

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Lady Gay's Column

"I HAD many advantages," said the lady, as she chatted with me during convalescence, "I was a member of a large family, and I was educated at a large school. The first advantage made me ready to accept the second without any loss of time." We argued that to be educated in a large school broadens a girl just as to be one of a large family rubs off her angles. The mistaken but closely cherished notion that a select small school is preferable doesn't seem to appeal to us, in this age of growth, wide sympathies and individuality. If any selection must be, let the maiden do the selecting, involuntarily and unconsciously nine times out of ten, from as large a choice as possible. These school selections are often the basis of lifelong friendships, and even when a less warm or binding tie follows, there is a gentle tenderness of heart towards one's old college mates, a tie unlike any other, which may just as well, and better, be made as far-reaching as possible. The girl who is educated in some big Canadian College will find her class-mates wherever she chances to settle down, and if the college be of a high tone and the ideals lofty in the impressionable school girl period, those friends will probably be among the nicest people in the town to which they belong. Sometimes, prosperity or adverse circumstances, grief or happiness may change an older woman in her aspect to the world at large, but, if she be at all the right sort of woman she will enjoy meeting again the comrades of the carefree and bright young days of school or college life. Therefore the big school, with its greater variety and choice of selection, seems to me a distinct advantage to our girls.

*

Similarly, I have always thought co-education a queer idea, interfering as it surely does with the most treasured memories of a school life singularly happy and attractive. To have shared our studies with boys—Oh, dear no, we considered boys as very inferior creatures, only available now and then to give spice to life by the possibility of a mild flirtation, or a smuggled note, the latter particularly enticing because so difficult. There were boys at a neighboring college, who are now judges and other sort of dignitaries, the glances of whose daring eyes under their "trenchers" used to put my mettle up to glare back scornfully, even while I was very much enlivened by their notice. Fancy, if we'd had to do algebra and French exercises together, how tame it would have been. Almost as tame as having visits from a brother, while one wanted the other girl's brother to talk to, and she wanted ours. Ah, yes, co-education would have accustomed us to one another, and robbed life of one's interest the more. "That," remarks the believer in co-education, "is just what we want to do.' How horrid of them!

*

Have you happened to read Harold Bindloss's book, "By Right of Purchase?" It gives among other things, a graphic picture of the work of the wheat-grower in the Canadian West, the slavery, rather, of those harvesting times, when the owner of "Prospect," a farm too real not to be true, heads his harvesters in their toil, and being remonstrated with on his savage self-driving, says that he must set a rapid pace, not so much for the advantage his one effort is, but because the combined effort of all the men and teams which follow represents a considerable gain to him. This strenuous party visits England, meets a lovely girl whose people are ready to barter her to a good bidder, and by making a good offer rescues her from a horrible master. He brings her out, a wife in name only, to Prospect, and there, isolation, conditions and a new scale of values do their work upon her. As a picture of life in the wheat belt of Canada this story has a distinct charm for Canadians, of whom few have the proper notion of the bigness and the worth of their Dominion. And the story "goes" from start to finish, as Harold Bindloss's stories are wont to do.

*

Do you know the story of the guileless Englishman, who was given a yoke of oxen to drive along a mountain road, beside a deep ravine? He was duly instructed in the dialect of "Gee" and "Haw," but found himself continually preferring the "Haw." The ravine being on the Haw side the obedient oxen nearly had their scared charioteer and the load over the precipice when he suddenly became wise, and burst out, "Oh, I beg your pardon, Gee!" They did so, and the catastrophe was averted.

LADY GAY.

Society at the Capital

THE restrictions of the penitential season are not adhered to so rigidly in the Capital as in many other cities, owing to the fact that Parliament is in session always at this period of the year, and consequently the "stranger within our gates" must be entertained. On last week's programme teas vied with luncheons for the most prominent place, and a number of very smart dinners were also on the list of pleasant happenings. On Tuesday four most enjoyable luncheons took place, the hostesses being Mrs. Cloran, wife of Hon. T. Cloran, of Montreal, who entertained in the Senate cafe, and whose guests were all sessional visitors; Mrs. W. Drummond Hogg, whose guest of honor was Mrs. Van Dusen, of New York; Mrs. H. Allan Bate; and Madame Marcil, wife of the Speaker of the Commons, the latter of whom included in her guests the Ladies Sybil and Evelyn Grey, Lady Dorothy Onslow, Miss Margaret Lyttleton, Hon. Miss Charteris, the Misses Fielding, the Misses Oliver, the Misses Cartwright, the Misses Fitzpatrick, Miss Mary Scot, Miss Elizabeth Borden, Miss Bertha Brodeur, Miss Murphy, Miss Mary Hamilton, Miss Grange, of Toronto, and the Misses Jeannotte and Demairais of Montreal, the two latter of whom were visitors of Madame Marcil.

*

Another of the more important and larger luncheons was that given by Madame Lemieux on Saturday when covers were laid for twenty-four guests at a table beautifully done with a combination of pale pink roses and violets. Madame Lemieux's guests were Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. A. B. Aylesworth, Mrs. Frank Oliver, Mrs. G. P. Graham, Mrs. Wm. Pugsley, Miss Murphy, Madame Marcil, Mrs. Mandeville Merritt of Toronto, Mrs. F. D. Monk of Montreal, Mrs. W. Drummond Hogg, Mrs. F. Hogg and her mother, Mrs. Van Dusen of New York, Mrs. R. L. Borden, Mrs. de la Cherois Irwin, Mrs. John Gilmour, Mrs. Andrew Thompson, Mrs. A. E. Fripp, Mrs. Frechette, Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber, Mrs. J. R. Forbes, Mrs. John G. Foster, Mrs. W. G. Perley and Mrs. Ernest J. Chambers.

Madame Lemieux gave another equally delightful luncheon on Monday.

*

Among the large teas was one on Thursday, at which Mrs. G. P. Graham, wife of the Minister of Railways and Canals, entertained in their very artistic apartments at The Kenniston. The guests included the wives of the various Cabinet Ministers and a large number of visitors who are spending the session *en pension* in the Capital with their husbands, our worthy Members of Parliament. Mrs. Graham, who wore a handsome Directoire gown of pearly grey satin, had for her assistants in the dining-room Miss Murphy, sister of the new Secretary of State; Mrs. Robertson, Miss Gorrell, Miss Butler and Miss McDonald. Other tea hostesses of the week were Miss Ethel Palmer, who on Monday made Miss Norah Gwynne, of Toronto, her special guest; Mrs. Otter, who also has a Torontonian, Mrs. Lessard Smith, as her guest of honor; Mrs. John Fraser, wife of the Auditor General; Mrs. Molson Crawford, whose raison d'etre was Mrs. Charles Tylee, of Montreal; and Mrs. (Col.) Toller.

*

The May Queen and members of the May Court Club also contributed a most delightful tea to the number on Friday in their Club rooms. Her Excellency Lady Grey with the Ladies Sybil and Evelyn Grey honored the occasion with their presence and those attending to the more arduous duties of the afternoon were Mrs. Alex. C. Hill and Mrs. Hamnett Hill, Jr., who poured tea and coffee, and the Misses Dorothy White, Edith Fielding, Ethel Palmer and Gwendolyn Cook. The prettily arranged rooms were made brighter with the addition of quantities of cut flowers, palms and other green shrubs.

*

Their Excellencies are entertaining a large house party consisting of Lord and Lady Herbert, who have deferred their departure for the South; Lady Dorothy Onslow and Miss Lyttleton, who have also extended their stay for a few weeks longer; Lady Elcho and Hon. Miss Charteris, who will remain at Government House for several weeks; Mr. Morton Frewen, of London, England, and Mr. Angus Macdonnell, son of the Earl and Countess of Antrim, who have recently arrived in the Capital. Mr. Ovie of the British Embassy, Washington, was a week-end visitor at Government House.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, March 8, 1909.

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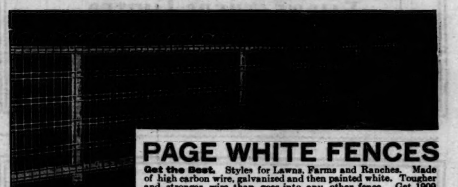

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IN a long series of digestion experiments carried on by Prof. Harcourt, of the Guelph Agricultural College, with the Human Subject, taking all the necessary precautions to insure accuracy, he determined the digestibility of various cereals and furnished the following results:

Percentage of the constituents digested:

	Organic Matter	Calories per gram.
Orange Meat	93.4	3,733
White Bread	98.1	2,468
Entire Wheat Bread	94.8	2,256
Graham Bread	93.5	2,296

According to his determination, Orange Meat, is 50 per cent. more valuable as a food than bread.

To persistent users of Orange Meat a large reward is offered. A private postcard in every package of Orange Meat gives details of how to get a cash prize of Seven Hundred Dollars, or a life annuity of Fifty-two Dollars.

If you enter this contest, send post card to Orange Meat, Kingston, giving full name and address, and mention the paper in which you saw this advertisement.

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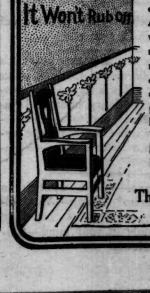

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In our ladies' department, within the last six years, we have earned the reputation of selling the highest class and most exclusive ladies' wear in Canada.

But one feature of our business is the constant effort to excel past efforts and this we believe we have done this spring.

Our new displays represent the creations of the highest class artists in Paris, London and New York, whose productions carry an individuality all their own.

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The cushions are luxuriously soft and resilient and are covered with high grade Spanish leather.

We ask a most reasonable price: Only $65.00.

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MUSIC NOTES

It must be a source of great satisfaction to Mr. Chrystal Brown, the Canadian tenor, to find that he has not labored in vain, and that his going away from Erie, Penn., where he has lived during the past five years is so much regretted. I have seen the local papers, and they are unanimous in paying him tribute for the influence he has had on the musical life of their city, and bidding him Godspeed in his new home, Paterson, N. J., where he will be choirmaster and soloist of the Church of the Redeemer. It is just this sort of treatment coupled with more substantial appreciation that is luring so many of our best musicians across the line. I am sorry that it is so, but even musicians cannot live without both kinds of support.

* * *

But for the occasional use of the title "Rev." a reader might think that the discussion now raging in the city was being carried on by rival vocal teachers fighting for their individual "methods." It is strange how much human nature there is in all of us who appear directly before the public, and the case in point shows that there are other branches of "the church militant" besides the choir.

* * *

The following programme was given at the pupils' weekly recital in the Conservatory of Music, Saturday, March 6:

Chaminade, "Pas de Echarpes, Op. 37," Miss Mabel G. McFaul; Buck, "When the Heart is Young," Miss Gertrude Eckhardt; Bohm, "Cavatina," Mr. Harold Fair; Henselt, "Si Oiseau j'etais, Op. 2, No. 6"; Beethoven, "Sonata, Op. 13"; Grave, "Allegro," Miss Marjory Harper; Godard, "Jugglery, Op. 107, No. 3," Miss Ella Warren; Nevin, "The Nightingale Song," Miss Emily Emmerson; Rhode, "Moderato" from "7th Concerto," Miss Mary Southall; Rubinstein, "Kamennoi-Ostrow, Op. 10," Miss Pearl Rowan; Heise, "Solveig's Song," Mrs. F. J. DeLaine; Mendelssohn, "Andante and Rondo Capricciioso, Op. 14," Miss Elma Ferguson.

The teachers represented were Miss R. Wilson, Mrs. J. W. Bradley, Miss M. Connor, Miss M. Boddy, Miss F. Turner, Mr. G. D. Atkinson, Miss L. D. Adamson, Miss M. L. Caldwell, Mr. H. M. Fletcher, Mr. W. J. McNally.

* * *

Miss Olive Casey, soprano, one of Dr. Torrington's most promising pupils gave a recital in the College Hall before a large and appreciative audience. Her programme consisted of numbers which served to show versatility of style, a fresh soprano voice of most excellent quality, range and the results of careful study. Her numbers were: "Oh! Had I Jubal's Lyre" (Joshua-Handel), "With Verdure Clad" (Creation-Haydn), Oratorio Selections, "Gaily Chant the Summer Birds," De Pinna; "The Lass with the Delicate Air," Dr. Arne; "Serenade," Gounod; "Magnetic Waltz," Venzano; Recit. and Cavatina, "O mio Fernando" (Favorita); Recit. and Cavatina, "Ernani Involami" (Ernani); Rossini "Aria Bel Raggio" (Semiramide). With conscientious study, Miss Olive Casey will rank amongst our very best singers. She was assisted by Miss Mamie McDonald, pianist, who showed brilliant technique in Weber's "Polacca Brillante" and Moszkowski's "Spanish Caprice," and Miss Topley Thomas, of the Margaret Eaton School of Expression, contributed three readings, "The Call of the Wild" (Service), "Spring on the River" (Lapman), "The Family Larimie" (Drummond), each of which was cleverly given. Melos.

H. G. Dillemuth wishes to announce that he will open a florist's store in the Rossin Hotel Block, 123 King street west, on Saturday, March 13. Your inspection is invited. 'Phone M. 3189.

The Imperial Bank of Canada has opened a branch at Gowganda.

The lowest priced tea is not the cheapest. "Brown Label" "Salada" Tea at 30c. per pound makes many more cups than any tea sold at 25c. per pound. It is therefore not only more economical to use, but it is infinitely more delicious.

A soggy, sour individual was looking gloomily at the front of a plumbing establishment. I came up closer to him, trying to find out the cause of his curiosity. At last I realized that his attention was riveted on one single sign. It read: "Cast Iron Sinks." The man turned and saw me also examining the sign. He pointed his finger toward the board.

"Why," he said, "any fool knows that."

A STORY OF AMATEUR BOXERS

In an article on amateur boxers and famous men who have been handy with their fists, the New York Sun tells a good story of Senator Roscoe Conkling, the great lawyer and statesman. It seems that one night in Washington, Conkling gave a stag supper to a few intimate friends and associates in the Senate. After the coffee and cigars, Conkling produced a set of boxing gloves and offered to spar any man in the room. Senator Zach Chandler, who was of gigantic proportions and perhaps fifty pounds heavier, accepted the challenge. So they donned the gloves.

Conkling soon proved himself to be the more scientific and proceeded to land a few smart blows on Chandler's paunch. The latter, very red in the face, did not relish this at all and quickly sailed in to get square. There was a warm mix-up, and Conkling, finding his opponent was getting a bit rough, crossed him with his right. The blow was a pippin, too, for Chandler found himself in a heap in the corner of the room. Everybody laughed, including Chandler, but that ended that part of the fun.

A month or so after this affair Senator Chandler gave a little tea party, and Conkling of course was invited. Among the other guests was a black haired man who was introduced as "Mr. Brown of New York." He was a very quiet fellow, who scarcely uttered a word, but seemed to enjoy himself in his own way. It was noticed, however, that when "Mr. Brown" said anything to anybody his accent was decidedly English. It was not until Senator Chandler's guests were smoking big cigars that the mysterious stranger came to the foreground. Chandler proposed that some gentleman put on the gloves with Senator Conkling. Nobody seemed anxious to respond, and as a last resort "Mr. Brown" was induced to accept the honor.

Everybody smiled as the two men removed their coats and prepared for the bout. The complete annihilation of "Brown" was of course looked for. Conkling towered fully five inches over his stocky opponent and smiled mercifully as he gazed down at the latter. In the first round not a blow landed. It was all beautiful, scientific boxing, and the Senator was supposed to be letting up on "Brown," who seemed to be satisfied with stopping and stepping away. The second round was another fancy exhibition, although Conkling appeared to be serious and also anxious to land on "Brown," who was quick on his feet and clever in ducking with his head.

As "Brown" came up for the third round it was noticed that Senator Chandler whispered something in his ear, which "Brown" answered with a nod. Conkling then let go his right and left in quick order as the men toed the mark, but both blows missed the mark. Suddenly "Brown" tapped Conkling with a stinger on the top of the nose, and the Senator looked both puzzled and astonished. He made a wild rush at "Brown," who neatly sidestepped and then floored the Senator with a right hand smash on the jaw. Conkling was up quickly and went after his man hammer and tongs. "Brown" nimbly got away, and before the Senator recovered from his headlong rush "Brown" landed another right hander that sent his distinguished rival to the carpet, flat on his back.

"That will do!" cried Chandler as he jumped in and pushed "Brown" into a chair. Conkling arose slowly and with much injured dignity demanded to know who "Mr. Brown" really was.

"It's all right, Senator!" said Chandler, bursting into a laugh; "I'm square with you now for the punching you gave me the other evening over in your rooms!"

"But who is this man? Why, he's the cleverest boxer I ever met in my life!" exclaimed Conkling. Then Chandler, after another good laugh, said:

"Senator, let me introduce to you Mr. Jem Mace, the heavyweight champion of England!" Conkling appreciated the joke, and shaking Mace by the hand complimented him highly on his skill.

Another Canadian girl is making a sensation in London by her dancing. The Coliseum has secured the services of Miss Ruth St. Denis, who will appear there shortly in her extraordinarily beautiful Indian dances. Miss St. Denis like Miss Maud Allan, is a Canadian, and at an early age she fell a ready and willing victim to the wonderful fascination of the East. Everything Indian, she declares, has always attracted her, though strange as it may appear, seeing that in her dances she seems to have assimilated the indescribable "atmosphere" of that country, she has never up to the present crossed its borders. Miss St. Denis gave a season recently at the beautiful Scala Theatre, and all those who saw her waxed enthusiastic over the exquisite beauty of everything she did.

Louis James, who will appear in "Peer Gynt" at the Princess the week after next, will be followed by Miss Lulu Glazer in the successful Viennese operetta, "Mlle. Mischief." She plays the part of a little dare-devil artist's model, who wagers that she will get into a military barracks as a recruit and remain there for twenty-four hours. She succeeds in this undertaking, of course, but not until after a number of entanglements. One of the rules of the barracks, for instance, is that every new recruit must undergo a thorough scrubbing at the hands of the sergeant, and to escape this predicament, Mlle. Mischief is obliged to confess her sex to a lieutenant, who arranges for her privacy.

Aunt Anne, an old family darky, was sitting with knees crossed in the kitchen, when the young daughter of the house entered, and, impressed with the hugeness of the old woman's feet, asked what size shoe she wore.

"Well, honey," replied Aunt Anne, "I kin wear eights; I ginerally wear nines; but dese yer I'se got on am twelves, an' de good Lawd knows dey hu'ts me!"

W. A. Murray & Co. Limited

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All the new Spring fashion hints are here from Paris, a lovely group, fertile in suggestion and most interesting, as foreshadowing the ruling styles for the season. All the modistes of note have contributed—the shapes, the colorings, the trimmings, all bespeak the master hand. Then we have a charming collection of hats from our own expert designers, copied from the French originals, and modified a little to conform with the more typical Canadian point of view. Every woman will naturally be interested in the new shapes, especially this season, when there are so many important changes. We especially invite you to inspect the showing.

WARNING

An anonymous, type-written letter is being circulated, dishonestly comparing our recent dividends upon "5 year period" policies with dividends upon "15 year period" policies, without explaining the essential difference between the two forms of Insurance.

The parties sending out these letters are evidently ashamed to put their names to such a clearly dishonest comparison.

We wish to warn all interested not to be misled by such unfair statements, but to get our last Annual Report from our Agents, and any other information required will be supplied to show that we are still paying on 5 year, and longer dividend period policies, the highest dividends—premiums being taken into account—now being paid by any Company.

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Spring-time is Rug Time

Anticipating an unusual demand for Oriental Rugs this spring, we have had extra large shipments from our Eastern buyers. The lots contain many very choice specimens of Bokhara, Kabistan, Tabriz, Kirmanshah Rugs, Shirvan Mats, and Palace strips. In color, pattern and design our rugs have no equal in Canada. Inspection invited. We also remind the public that we are selling $15,000 worth of Japanese Art Goods, porcelain, lacquer, bronze and brassware, at less than cost. These are great opportunities.

Rug Cleaning Spring housecleaning time is near. Only way to clean Oriental Rugs that preserves and beautifies them is our Persian Process. Terms on application. Send for free booklet on Oriental Rugs and on Cleaning Rugs.

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Births, Marriages and Deaths

BIRTHS

BOYLE—CLOTHIER—At the Church of St. John the Divine, Indian Head, Saskatchewan, on Wednesday, March 3, 1909, by the Rev. McAdam Harding, Archdeacon of Qu'Appelle, Arthur Edward Boyle, of Winnipeg, to Ray Evelyn, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Clothier, of Kemptville, Ont.

POTE—On Sunday, February 28, 1909, at "The Madison," Madison avenue, to Mr. and Mrs. Claude S. Pote, a son.

MARRIAGES

CLARKSON-LUNDY — On Saturday, March 6, 1909, at All Saints' church, Peterborough, by the Rev. H. R. Trumpour, Pearl Catherine Lundy, daughter of Douglas J. Lundy, to Ernest Palmer Clarkson, of Halifax.

DEATHS.

ROSS—Suddenly, at 112 St. George street, Toronto, on Saturday, March 6, 1909, Susan Archibald McGregor, wife of W. D. Ross and daughter of Senator McGregor of New Glasgow, N.S.

SMITH—At Brampton, March 5, 1909, John Smith, ex-M.P.P., in his 78th year.

WARREN—At Red Gables, Wellesley street, Toronto, on Friday, March 5, 1909, Harry Dorman Warren.

THE Sportsman's Show in New York has come to an end. The swimmers finished their races in the big tank, the anglers got through with their tournament in a most satisfactory manner and the schoolboys managed to finish their shoots, although there were so many ties to be shot off that it was feared by the managers that they could not be finished.

In the anglers' tournament some very close casting was done. Perry D. Frazer made an indoor record in the salmon fly casting contest with 15 foot rods. He made a cast of 116 feet 8 inches. G. M. L. LaBranche was second with 113 feet 4 inches and E. J. Mills third with 110 feet.

A western woman with a knack for figures has discovered that she walks over seven miles a day while performing her ordinary household duties. We should like to see her estimate of the miles covered while trying to match a bit of ribbon.—Washington Post.

Mrs. Wiggs——John, what is an absolute vacuum? Wiggs—An absolute vacuum, my dear, is something that exists only in your mind.—Chicago Daily News.

Snowbound.

(Continued from page 9.)

hardly resist the desire to cover kisses.

she began again to beg of go on and leave her, but he his head.

no use," he said. "You would to death before they could get might be many hours before uld find you in this storm. No, e got to stay together whether there or not. I wouldn't leave at in this."

cannot, monsieur—I cannot dead of fatigue."

den wild energy took possess- him.

, if you cannot walk I will you," he said, and before she prevent him he had her up in

, please, please, monsieur—" pleaded.

t was no use. He held her pressed in his arms, and seeing he was determined to carry her helped him by putting her arms and his neck. It was a terrible burden, light as she was, but the pressure of her body seemed to fill him with a savage strength which recked not of obstacles. He plunged at the drifts like an enraged buffalo, stumbled, got up, still with the girl in his arms, and ploughed through. At first she would beg him to put her down and leave her, but he paid no attention—hardly heard her in fact. He was recklessly burning up his reserve energy, and was in no mood to listen.

How long it lasted neither of them could tell. It seemed to be years that they were wandering through this wild primal chaos of snow and driving wind. Rocket simply plunged on like a wounded moose, and the girl clung to him numbed and terrified. But his strength finally began to ebb. It is not in human brawn and endurance to stand that strain long. Wild notions began to pass through his mind again. He talked to himself and laughed and even sang snatches of song.

And that is how at Brodeur's boarding-house at Radnor Forges they heard some one shouting a wild hoarse chorus, and going to the door found a man with wide staring eyes and a snow-covered burden in his arms. He laughed unroariously at sight of them, and then they led him in and took from him his burden which was an unconscious girl.

He tumbled into a chair, and having experience in such cases they asked no questions but took his clothes off him and fed him a little brandy at short intervals. That and the constitution of an ox brought him around in about an hour. Then he remembered the girl.

"Where is she?" he cried, starting up in terror, lest he should have left her in the storm.

They told him that she was upstairs in bed, that she was recovering from the terrible experience, and also that she was asking for him. But he did not feel satisfied. The horrible fear that perhaps he had left her behind kept possession of him. He must go up and see. At last they brought him up.

She turned to him as he came in. The color had come back to her lips and cheeks and the brightness to her eyes. Her hair lay loosely about her head, a lovely setting to the piquante little face.

"Oh, monsieur—" she said, and stretched out her arms.

And then Rocket forgot all about the good respectable people around him, but in the most open and shameless manner threw himself on his knees beside the bed, gathered her into his arms, and started to cry over her like the great big baby he was. She did a little crying, too, while trying to reassure and comfort him, patting his touzled red hair and calling him all manner of pretty names in French.

"Little girl," he said suddenly, "will you be my wife?"

This was quick work, but she was not frightened.

"Monsieur," she said very solemnly, "I don' know your name, but you are a ver' brave, good man, and—and—but this ees what you English people call, so ver' queeck—so ver' queeck!"

But she smiled so happily that—well, that Rocket did a few other things "ver' queeck" indeed, before he followed the gasping landlord downstairs.

DONALD DUROSS.

An Irish tenant who had just bought under the purchase act boasted to the agent that his landlord was now "God Almighty" and that he need fear nothing. "Don't you be too sure, Pat," was the reply. "Remember God Almighty evicted his first two tenants."

Considerate Little Girl: Please, Mr. Keeper, will it hurt the elephant if I give him a currant out of my bun?—Life.

Waiter—Be careful of the soup, gentlemen. It is so hot that it has scalded both my thumbs

The Contentment of the Orient.

THE sheikh's young son came in, curiosity having got the better of his shyness at last; he sidled confidently to his father, and was there embraced (in the way of these Arab fathers); presently he had snuggled close to his father's feet, and was become one of our company. I enquired then, in a blundering way, concerning the boy's education: would he be sent to the schools in Cairo?

"He was born here," was the answer.

"What matter?"

"He will then truly live here."

"It is the custom of the Western fathers," I ventured, "to advance their sons above themselves."

"How may this be done?" he asked.

"It is said," I replied, "that the education of the schools promotes it."

"If I send my son away to the schools," he answered, like a man who had pondered much upon the problem and become resolved, "I shall accomplish his ruin. If I send him away, he will either remain away or return; if he remain, he will be forever unhappy, having been born to the freedom of this airy desert; if he return, he will be forever unhappy also, having tasted indulgence, having been corrupted by the luxury of the city. Now, if I send my son away to the schools, and if he remain away, he will either succeed or fail in life. But how, born in this desert, shall he succeed, being forever at a disadvantage in an alien place? If he succeed, what shall compensate him for the stress and confinement he must suffer? He must live in a room; but how shall he endure to live in a room? And if he fail, what then shall become of him? I will keep my son with his tribesmen in the sand, that he may be strong and courageous and free. Here we dwell content, cultivating our few dates, raising our flocks in peace, exchanging our poor wealth for the corn and cloth of other places, so satisfying all our simple needs. What shall a man want more than his freedom? We are oppressed neither by labor nor wicked men; and we live in our own place, according to the will of God."

MR. A. W. CAMPBELL, C.E.

Mr. Campbell is Deputy Minister of Public Works (Ontario), and is familiarly known as "Good Roads Campbell." He will be the speaker at the next meeting of the Canadian Club, Toronto.

"You are, then, content with the life you have lived?"

"It is so."

"And would live it over again, deed for deed, day by day, as you have lived it, since the beginning?"

"Truly, khawaja!"

My question had never before been answered in this way. I was amazed.

"What is the explanation of your contentment?" I demanded.

He looked up bewildered.

"Why," I repeated, "are you content?"

"God willing," he replied, enlightened, "I will answer your question; I live where I was born."—Norman Duncan, in Harper's.

British Humor in Pantomimes.

A FRENCH visitor in London made the rounds of the pantomime shows to discover the reason for these essentially British products. He sums them up as gorgeous exhibitions of sentimentalism, romance, and fairy love, but says that the Englishman also insists on humor in the pieces: "They do not require essence of wit, dazzling aphorisms, and unique 'bons-mots.' Not even British stolidness could stand three hours and a half of subtle repartees. The English ask for fireworks, for jovial humor, farcical jokes, and nonsensical ditties. It does not matter how absurd the humor is as long as there is plenty of it. What is wanted is quantity, not quality; speed not genius. The audience get what they require, and they enjoy it. And I do not blame them. Rabelais is quite as amusing and more hygienic than Voltaire, and laughing whole-heartedly is better than smiling, however cunningly.

"Although not used to this particular kind of humor, I reveled in it. Like the children around me, I laughed when I read on the programme such names as Sarah Slapp, Captain Keel, Lord Chestnut, the Duke of Foxbrush, and Lady Sweetbriar. I laughed at remarks of this kind: 'I know her frightfully well; we are terribly friendly.' I laughed when a comedian called another, 'You bird's-eye view of the Albert Hall' and pronounced 'cow-yard' for coward. I even laughed when a fair person in tights innocently remarked: 'I have a pain in my stadium. . . .' I laughed when Wilkie Bard, unctuously and with a mellow voice, sang 'She sells sea shells on the seashore.

"After an hour at a pantomime one feels so happy that one is ready to accept anything, even dialogue of the following description: 'Shall I skin this rabbit?' 'No, shave it,' or 'Where is London. 'A place near Croydon.' The audience roared.

"Who said the English took their pleasures sadly?"

Truth.

TRUTH is the only thing that never produces ennui. The human family has never become intimate enough with it to be bored.

Although the philosophers have been giving it a hard chase for many thousand years, they have never run it down; and it is still spry enough to elude the flank movements, cross cuts and center rushes of the college professors.

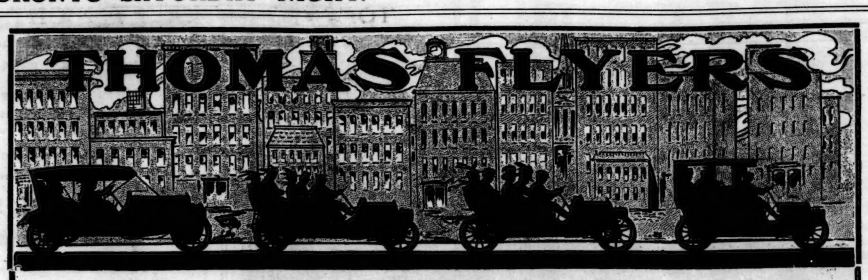
Ever since the sinuous track of the Old Serpent was discovered upon the sands of Time, Truth has had a pretty large contract. In addition to its regular business of uprooting Error and demolishing Falsehood, it has had to do some lively sidestepping to keep from under innumerable weighty theories that wanted it as a foundation for advertising purposes. It has also required some skilful dodging to escape a number of creeds that were foreordained to embrace it.

During the past two hundred years, while the politicians have been madly rushing around to nail Lies, the scientists have been as wildly—and successfully—endeavoring to skewer Truth and hang it up to dry.

Like Liberty, Truth has had to stand for a good deal of abuse on account of its friends—especially those long-haired, pale-faced, wild-eyed, adoring, esoteric friends who are always praying to be allowed to kiss the hem of its skirt.

This is doubly embarrassing, for Truth does not wear skirts. It is not at all certain that it wears anything, but if it does, it has entirely too much at stake to risk its reputation by materializing in the guise of that sex whose chief charm is its uncertainty.

Then, too, Truth has been sorely tempted. Considering the coldness of the climate in which it is supposed to dwell, and its undressed state, it surely has been hard to reject all the varnish that has been offered it by the orators. And when we see the kind of people that usually have it cornered, we are struck with the great moral backbone it must have required for Truth to resist the smiles of the many charming liars who have come to woo. —William H. Hamby, in Life.



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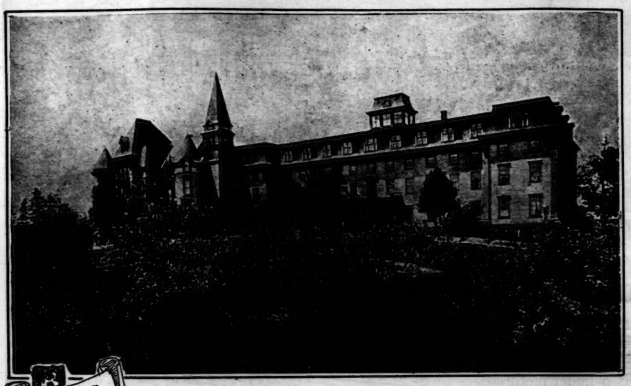
Bones (telling a story): Well, the evening wore on— Jones: It did, eh? What did it wear? Bones: Well, If you must know, I believe it was the close of a summer day.—Life.

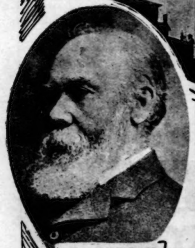
Mrs. Crimsonbeak—See how nicely that team of horses go along. Why can't man and wife trot along pleasantly together like that?

Mr. Crimsonbeak—Well, you see, there is only one tongue between those two horses.—Christian Advocate.



LADIES COLLEGE

MEMORIAL COLLEGE HALL



DR ALLISON

UNIVERSITY RESIDENCE

REV B C BORDEN. D D

THE UNIVERSITY OF MOUNT ALLISON, NEW BRUNSWICK

THE University of Mount Allison at Sackville, New Brunswick, dates from the year 1862, when, in accordance with an Act of the Legislature of New Brunswick, passed in 1858, a collegiate organization was effected, and the work of instruction was commenced. The internal administration of the University has been carried on upon strictly non-sectarian principles, and members of all denominations are found among the students. The ownership of the institution, however, is vested in the Methodist Church of Canada. The General Conference appoints a large number of the Board of Regents, to which, and to the Senate, the government of the University belongs.

The total number of regular and special students, according to the last calendar, is about 175. There are ten resident professors and one lecturer, and the full Arts course is four years. In connection with the University are two schools, one for boys and one for girls. The latter is one of the finest of its kind in the Dominion, with an attendance of about 150 and a staff of twenty-five teachers. A new brick building is shortly to be erected to accommodate the increasing attendance. The success of the school is largely due to the personality of the Principal, Rev. Dr. Byron Borden, a member of the well-known Nova Scotia family which has given two leading statesmen to the Dominion. The University buildings generally are of a superior type, and are mostly constructed of the fine freestone which abounds in the neighborhood. The art building, a very handsome structure, contains a collection of paintings, mostly loaned by the Provincial Government, valued at $80,000. The school of domestic science is admirably equipped and most efficiently conducted, furnishing one of the most important specialties of the work of the ladies' school.

Since its foundation, forty years ago, the College has had three Presidents, the present incumbent being Dr. David Allison, who has held office for nearly thirty years. The most hurried or casual visitor cannot fail to be impressed by the fact that a splendid work is being carried on in all branches of this institution on thoroughly progressive and modern lines. A large increase of students at the University is reported this year.

Sackville is a town of about 2,000 people, seven miles distant from the thriving manufacturing town of Amherst. For miles on all sides stretch the celebrated Tantramar marshes, about which Charles G. D. Roberts and other Canadian authors of Maritime birth have written so much. The country is populous and prosperous, evidences of which are to be seen on every hand. The district is in a sense classic ground, having been the scene of the last struggle of the French for possession of the western portion of Acadia. Within a few miles of Sackville is the site of Fort Beausejour, "renowned in song and story," and Roberts and his cousin, Bliss Carman, have found the region rich in inspiration.

Stories of Shaw.

AS all the world knows, Mr. George Bernard Shaw is a vegetarian, and to illustrate how completely he has placed himself above the material things of this world, an amusing little story is told by M.A.P. At a certain Socialist conference the delegates assembled after lunch, and "G.B.S." came in rubbing his hands apparently on the best of terms with himself and the world in general. Glad to see him looking so pleased, someone asked him what he had had for dinner. "Ah!" replied Mr. Shaw, smiling genially; "a really good dinner. I've had seven bananas!"

It may surprise many people to know that "G. B. S." has not always been the successful man that he is to-day, and time was when he found editors and theatrical managers by no means over-anxious to give his creations to the world. In these early days he used to write a musical criticism for a certain journal, and his strong views once induced a fellow writer to express his surprise that "G. B. S." should allow himself to be so emphatic. "My dear fellow," replied Mr. Shaw, quietly, "if you only knew what I thought and do *not* write, you would be surprised indeed."

Odd Way of Handling Drinkers.

THEY have a strange way of combating the evils of alcoholism in Holland; in fact, the methods of the Anti-Alcoholic League would suggest at first sight that they rather encouraged drinking than otherwise. The league (so the London correspondent of The New York Sun tells us) undertakes for certain fixed fees to look after the safety of those who have imbibed not wisely but too well, thus no doubt making considerable revenue from a failing whose eradication is supposed to be the sole object of its existence.

When the officials of the league come upon a man whose ambulatory movements are a matter of speculation from one moment to another they undertake instead of ducking him in the nearest dike to escort him home for the sum of 75 centimes. Should he wish assistance in negotiating the rougher parts of the journey he can pay another 25 centimes to secure the bestowal of extra care. If his legs have passed beyond his control 1 franc 50 centimes will purchase an easy journey in a seat carried by two stalwart attendants.

The next grade of transportation is a humble wheelbarrow with a rug, price 1 franc 75 centimes, specially recommended for those whose backbones have a nasty habit of throwing themselves out of the perpendicular when their owners have overindulged themselves. So the tariff progresses until finally we come to the donkey cart, a conveyance de luxe provided at 2 francs 50 centimes for those intoxicated persons whose obesity renders them more than ordinarily incapable of helping themselves.

At forty a man may regret that he married. At sixty a bachelor regrets bitterly that he did not take a wife.

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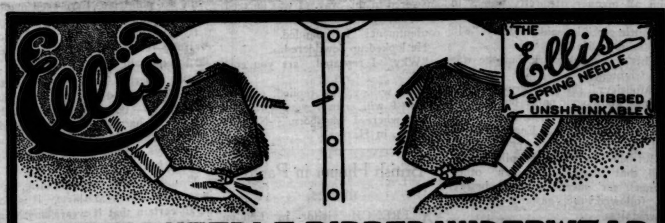

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